The SPHERE

Vol. CXX. No. 1564 JAN. 11, 1930. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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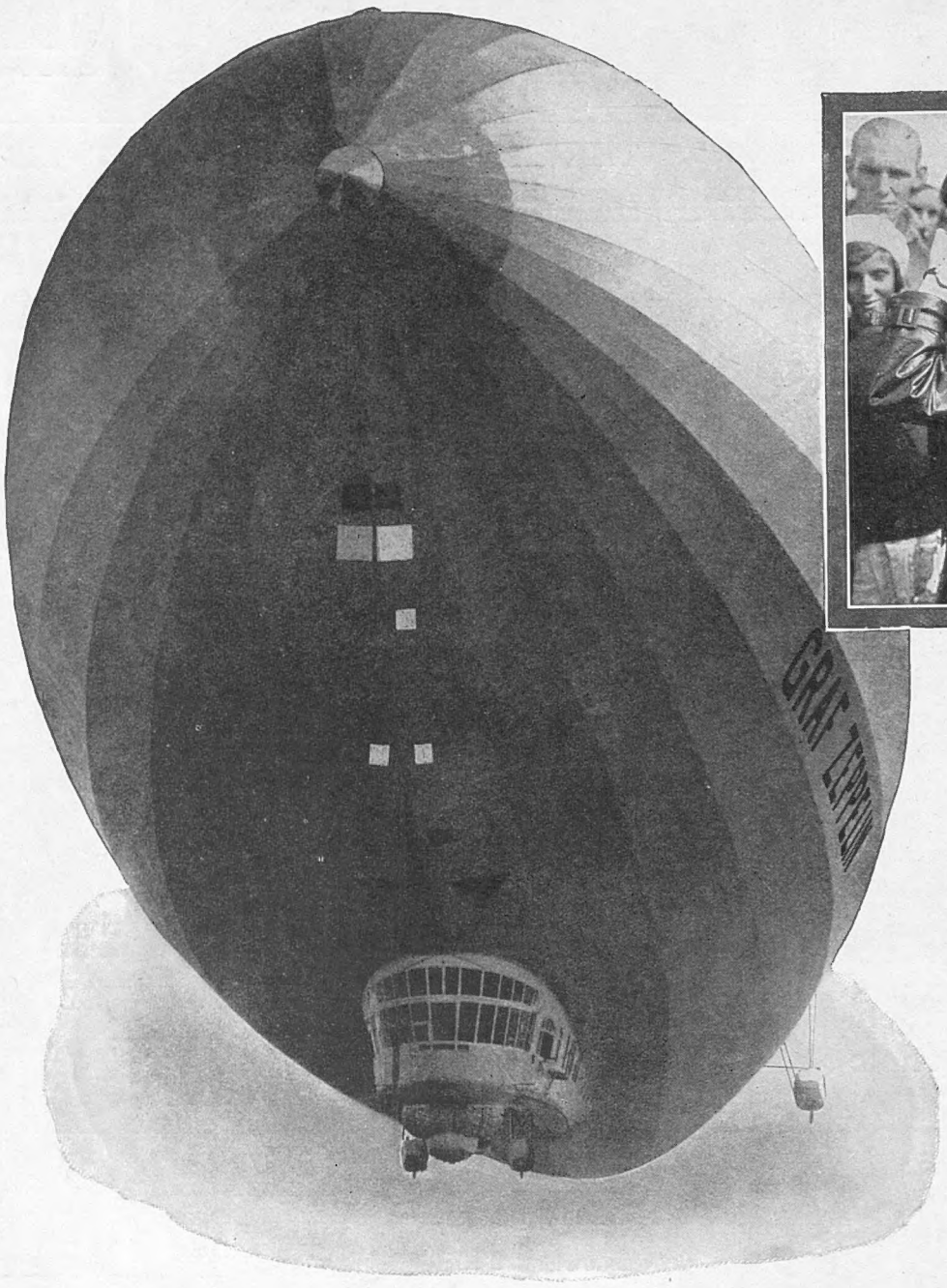

The Only Woman Aboard

Here is a wonderful Modern-day Story

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I have flown round the world—the only woman on the pioneer Hearst-Zeppelin round-the-world flight last summer. Standing at the helm of the mighty airship, I thought my heart would burst with exultation as we swept through the clouds like mythical demigods. I have crossed the Atlantic twice by air, travelled 71,250 miles—an average of more than 195 miles a day for every one of the 365 days of the twelve months from October, 1928, to October, 1929. I have sat in the second pilot's seat of the colossal twelve-motored Do.X — the "mystery" Dornier flying-ship which has kept the world guessing for nearly a year, and felt the thrill of 6,000 horse-power tugging at the leash, like power-fiends tearing for freedom within their man-made turret prisons. I have visited twenty-one countries by air, interviewed celebrities from Washington to Tokio, Honolulu to Berlin, Shanghai to London—and known neither boredom, satiety nor disillusion."—*Lady Drummond-Hay in "Twelve Crowded Months of Glorious Life."*

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All these hats are of the Henry Heath regular quality and are being greatly reduced so as to effect a clearance to make room for the Spring models.

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Pure Irish Linen Double Damask. Heavy quality. Strongly recommended for hard wear. Two designs only: Passion Flower and Ivy Leaf; Rose, Shamrock and Thistle. Large Dinner size, 27×27 ins.
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LINEN SHEETS
Lot Sp. 7.
Fine Strong Make, Hemstitched.

	Yards	Per pr.
Ordinary Single Beds,	2 ×3½	42/-
Large „ „	2½×3½	46/9
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Pure Linen Diaper Towels of superfine quality. Size 27×44 ins. Hemstitched. 6 for **25/-**

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Good useful quality. Size 20×30 ins. Each **3/11**

COLOURED BLANKETS
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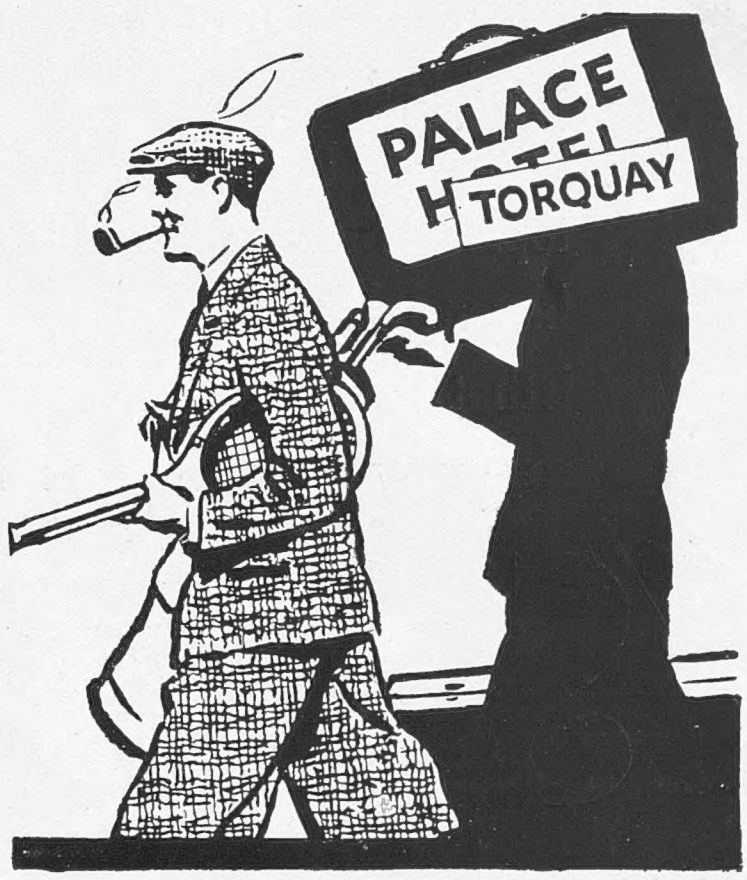
WHAT YOU NEED IS A HOLIDAY— RIGHT AWAY!

YOU ought to feel very thankful for Torquay just now. It is perhaps the only place in England that is just as much a holiday resort in Midwinter as it is in Midsummer.

The Palace therefore is an "all-the-year-round" hotel. Golf, tennis, swimming, squash, badminton, dancing, cinema and entertainments in January as in June.

Moreover, these things are provided for visitors in much the same way as electric lifts, central heating, hot and cold running water. That is to say, they are not "extras."

In fact there are no extras, other than extra enjoyment, at Britain's Most Beautiful Guest House.



WHERE MEN GATHER!

their views on every subject are individual and lively on the latest topics; but some things are settled beyond discussion, and one of these is that the soda water which enlivens so many other liquids must be

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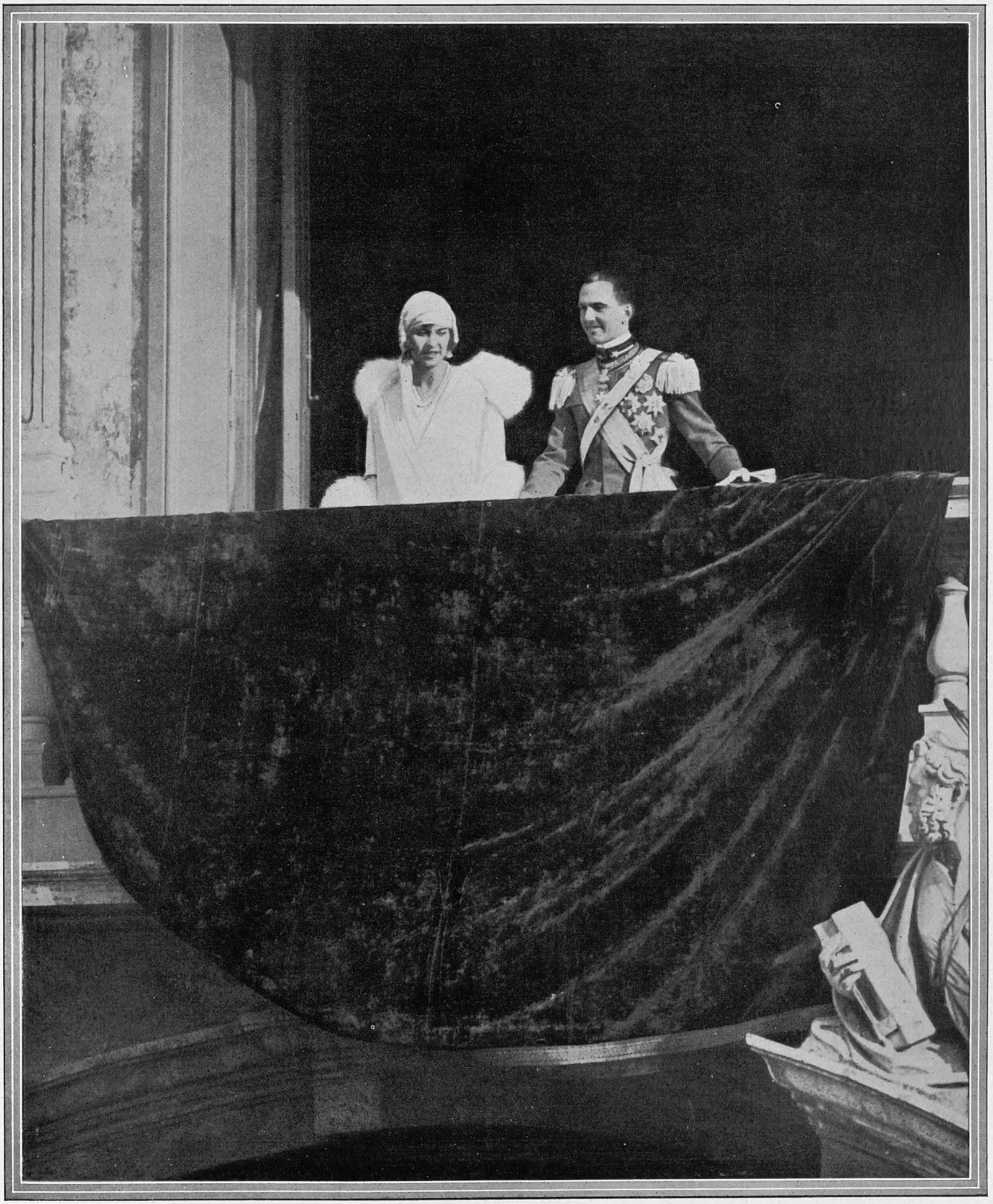
THE SPHERE

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

With which is incorporated BLACK & WHITE

Volume CXX. No. 1564 Price One Shilling. Postage { Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d. } London, January 11, 1930



THE ROYAL WEDDING OF ITALY AND BELGIUM: Umberto, Prince of Piedmont, Crown Prince of Italy, with Princess Marie-José of Belgium, Acknowledge the Plaudits of the Populace from the Balcony of the Quirinal

Last Wednesday, at ten o'clock, the Crown Prince of Italy and the Princess Marie-José of Belgium were married by Cardinal Maffia in the Pauline Chapel of the Quirinal. Festivities of all kinds marked the happy event. Peasants from all over Italy flocked to the capital, many of them bearing gifts. The Belgian Royal Family was accorded half-an-hour's audience with the Pope—a consequence of the recent masterly settlement of the Roman Question. In view of the recent attempt at the assassination of the Prince of Piedmont, the most stringent precautions against any anarchical or fanatical demonstration were taken. The very route by which the procession would travel was kept secret until the last moment, and swiftly-moving closed cars replaced the open carriages or State coaches of the usual Royal wedding. Strict regulations were instituted, motor-cars, and even individuals, arriving in Rome being subjected to a careful search. Yet, undeterred by such restrictions, the capital was so full that £10 per night was offered for any accommodation. The Duke of York represented Great Britain; Marshal Pétain, France, at the ceremony.

A LONDON NEWSLETTER.

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.
Wednesday, January 8, 1930.

Bargains and Bargaining.—The first big jobs of 1930, which between them hold the attention of a large part of the adult population, are the Five-Power Conference and the January Sales. Of course I ought not to name them in the same sentence—the one event so historical, the other so trivial and domestic. And yet they have features in common. Each is a notable occasion for achieving a bargain. If all the delegates of each

A LOSS TO THE COUNTRY: Brigadier-General Gerard Christian, C.B., C.I.E., D.S.O., who died suddenly last week. A distinguished soldier, General Christian was extremely popular with all ranks. His remarkable memory for faces endeared him to hundreds of men whom he commanded and never forgot. He served in the Boer War, the Great War (in Mesopotamia), and in the Afghan War of 1919. He married in 1913 Evelyne, the daughter of Mr. T. E. B. Hilliard of Writtle, Essex. The memorial service was held at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea

nation go the Conference inspired with the determination to succeed in securing their individual requirements (which distinguishes successful sale veterans), the Five-Power Conference will close in like the last half-hour of a bargain sale. But if that maximum of determination, which distinguishes a middle-class Englishwoman throughout the sales campaign is employed by all the delegates in the cause, not of individual interests, but of peace and sanity among Nations, the Five-Power Conference may be the greatest event of our time.

The Cinema Horror.—It was with difficulty that I brought myself to read details of the Paisley tragedy. It is hard to think of any imaginable circumstance that could have increased the cruelty or added anything to the completeness of the calamity. The New Year is Scotland's great holiday of merrymaking; the huge roll of victims was composed entirely of little children, just old enough to know the full extent of terror; the accident of fire and smoke was not in itself sufficient to cause death; the death roll, as in nearly all such cases, was the result of the crushing into doorways and narrow spaces of frenzied masses inspired by unreasoning panic. Perhaps one timely confident word of command and encouragement might have averted despair from half a hundred homes.

The Prince's Holiday.—The Prince is now outward bound in the *Kenilworth Castle* for Cape Town, where he will stay a few days with Lord Athlone. At the beginning of February he will start by rail and road and water to Kigoma. Thence to Dodoma and out into the blue and the efficient programme now being knocked into shape by Mr. Finch-Hatton, Lord Winchilsea's brother, a tower of strength, a tower in stature, and a mine of knowledge in safari lore. From the moment he leaves Cape Town the Prince will be free of public engagements and hopes to enjoy five clear weeks out of call of civilisation and its discomforts. In all the circumstances, and having regard to his sometimes unenviable destiny, he may be regarded as lucky to obtain so long and so free a holiday. Night after night he will be able to sit at his tent door or by his camp fire, strumming jazz tunes far into the night, two hundred miles from the nearest telephone wire, and dawn after cool dawn he will be first up and early away on the trail of lion or elephant or antelope. And this newer thrill has taken the keen edge off the more familiar routine of Craven Lodge. Which is not surprising. But I am glad that he had a day or two with the hounds before he sailed, for those who value the sport appreciate the importance of continuity.

Winter Sports.—The winter sports season is once more in full swing and every day Victoria Station is brightened with the jazz jerseys of the bright and bold young things. *Bold*, because so many return with a limb in splints. Indeed, the Alpine doctors are kept busy all January and February attending to those who, harnessed to skis, try "to run before they can walk," or attempt the Cresta before they are initiated by a course of humbler runs. They are young for the most part, these winter sport folk, though there are bold spirits like Lady Ribblesdale who scorn danger in continuing the pursuit of a favourite thrill. As for skating, the natural form has a direct influence on the fashion in artificial ice rinks. The old *Princes* came into favour as a result of the hard winters of the 'seventies and again of the 'nineties. Nowadays it is due to the craze for Alpine sports that London ice rinks continue to increase in number and popularity. But skating in London is a strangely fickle fashion and I would not promise it a continuous popularity for another ten years. No doubt the rollers will have their punctual turn again. (No doubt at all that croquet and diabolo will come again in due season.)

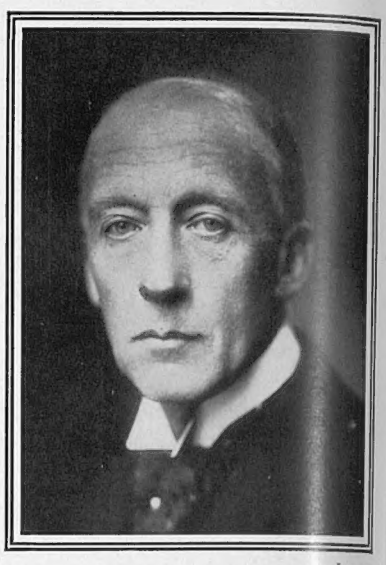
The Big (?) Five.—The coming addresses now due from the chairmen of the great banking organisations promise this year very peculiar interest. Quite apart from the notorious disaster which continues to throw a shadow over the City, the past year has justified the pessimistic forecasts of last January. It was bound to be (and it has proved) a year of great economic crisis. The aftermath of speculation insanity in the States was expected to be heavily felt in England in 1929 and it is satisfactory to know that by a courageous and conservative policy the drain of gold from this country has been checked, and we may look forward to cheaper money in 1930. But none the less the year 1929 which saw a crisis unparalleled since the Baring crash has struck a blow at the high prestige of the Big Five, a prestige acquired (some think too easily) during the economic settlement of Europe and America which followed the War. There cannot fail to be references of peculiar pungency in the speeches of the great bankers to the Hatry case and to the Budget prospects, and special interest will attach to the pronouncements of the chairman of Lloyds and of Mr. McKenna.

Mr. Arthur Ponsonby.—There are few more agreeable companions and amusing talkers than Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, who has reluctantly "joined the minority" in the House of Lords; and on all subjects, save that of red coats and martial music, few more equable and moderate men. He was born in Court circles and educated at Eton and Balliol, and in Shulbrede Priory, near Haslemere, he owns the "very moral" of the ghostly manor house of the old nobility whom he has often pained. The future Duchess of Westminster is his niece. The Ponsonbys have several surviving peerages in hand. Lord Bessborough possesses the Baronies of Bessborough (1721) and Duncannon (1722), and is also Lord Ponsonby of Syzonby. Another branch of the family possesses the Barony of De Mauley, created in 1838. Another peerage, the Barony of Ponsonby, dear in the memory of loyal Guatemalans, has died out, and Mr. Ponsonby therefore will cause no confusion if he calls himself Lord Ponsonby of Shulebrede. He will adorn and possibly enliven the House of Peers, and his elder brother, Sir John, will have a new entry for his revised edition of "The Ponsonby Family," which could do with some revision.

Eternal Promise of Spring.—Those who live in the country hug a secret which no townsman ever dreams of. For the Londoner the year is sharply divided into seasons. Winter is winter, summer summer, and autumn definitely the time of dying. But in the country the year everlastingly brings the fulfilment or the promise of spring. It has been dark often, cold sometimes, and stormy these last weeks, but no week has passed which has not brought the strong sunshine with its miracle of transformation from winter to summer in the sheltered places. And to-day in southern England the gardens can show not only the seasonable wealth of berries, scarlet and gold, and purple and crimson, and violet, but summer roses still merrily blooming, autumn crocuses still carpeting the woods, magnolia in full ivory bloom, violets, primroses, and golden gorse in flower, and hundreds upon hundreds of green shoots pushing through the dark earth from surface bulbs of aconites and snowdrops.

Thoughts in Burlington House.—The great Exhibition of Italian paintings of all ages, now drawing thousands of Londoners in pursuit of beauty, knowledge, or fashion, compels a few minutes of quiet reflection from the busiest and most preoccupied. Firstly, we are in justice compelled to award to Italy over all the nations the laurel wreath due to the pioneer. Between 1450 and 1550 the great renaissance was for ever immortalised by the imagination and labour of two score of geniuses, but those supermen were not of one race. Van Eyck of Flanders lit the way for Giorgione and Leonardo of Italy. Raphael of Rome was contemporary with Dürer of Germany; Matsys and Holbein disputed supremacy with Correggio and Michael Angelo; Rubens was beginning his work before Tintoretto had finished his course.

An Earlier Spring.—But Italy knew an earlier spring. The supreme masters of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries are by all opinions of Italy. The spring is for ever typified in the work of Botticelli, while Cimabue and Giotto blazed the trail and with their primitive weapons marked the way in art for all the world. I am not saying that Italy was alone in the great art movement then. We ourselves can look at our new possession—the Wilton panel—to refute such a suggestion, and the Low Countries could bring still stronger refutation. But it *is* admitted that in the dark century which preceded the Renaissance of civilisation it was



Lenare

LORD PONSONBY OF SHULBREDE: Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, accorded a peerage in the New Year's Honours. The son of Sir Frederick Ponsonby, Treasurer to the King and Keeper of the Privy Purse, he was appointed Deputy Constable and Lieutenant Governor of Windsor Castle in 1928. A Page to Queen Victoria; in the Diplomatic at Constantinople and Copenhagen; on the F. O. staff for two years, and a Liberal M.P. for ten, Lord Ponsonby was also in the Ministry of Transport. He will be the uncle by marriage of the Duke of Westminster

Florentine painters who were supreme; it was Italy that was making fair lilies bloom on the dung-heap of ignorance, brutality, and vice, and illuminating the noisome night with radiant fancies and high and lovely thoughts.

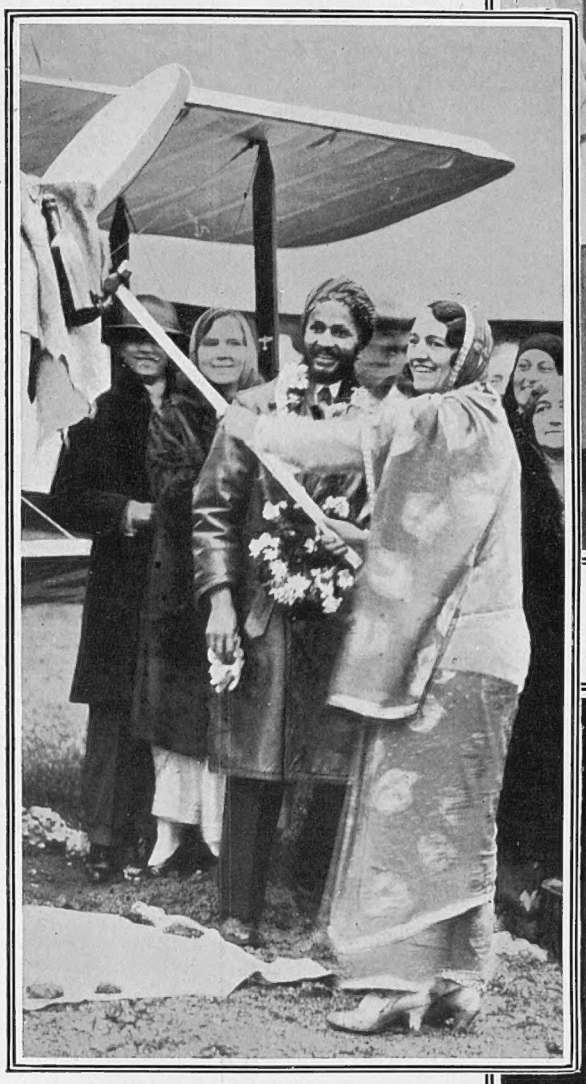
Familiar from Childhood.—Italy lies farther away from England than does Holland and Belgium, and by race and circumstance we are closer linked with our nearer neighbours. But for generations we have been far more familiar with Italian Art than with that of the Low Countries. And the prime cause of this was Napoleon. In the great European struggles that centred round the dawn of the nineteenth century, the fashion for foreign travel began to take hold of the rich Englishman, and whenever a temporary or prolonged peace opened the Continent to tourists, the rich English Mi-lord drove out across Europe and was shrewd enough to fill his carriage with the marvellous bargains in painting which were everywhere going a-begging from the palaces of old families impoverished by Napoleon's triumphs. No country suffered more severely than Italy; her national paintings lay at the mercy of thieves or speculators all over France and Italy; and that is why every English country house worth the name could show its gallery of good, bad, and indifferent Italian pictures, a permanent testimony to the taste or simplicity or folly of the "2nd Earl" or "Sir George of the Regency" who returned from the grand tour bringing their sheaves with them.

The Fount of National Art.—Many of these paintings have swelled the collections of public and national galleries. The royal collections at Windsor, which supplied the nucleus of some of our most valuable national galleries, are the finest illustration of my simple historical survey. The incredibly valuable cartoons stored in the Library at Windsor were acquired by shrewd buyers and advisers in the troubled period of the Napoleonic Wars or the Revolution. And so we come to Burlington House this year prepared to understand and to appreciate, and to improve our knowledge. THE OLD STAGER.

THE CUTTING OF THE BADDELEY CAKE: The ancient traditional cake of Drury Lane is cut every Twelfth Night (January 6) in accordance with the bequest established a century ago. Mr. C. M. Lowne is seen with the knife in his hand—Miss Lilian Davies on right

SEVEN DAYS of JANUARY.

LORD RONALDSHAY'S MAJORITY: The elder son of the Marquess and Marchioness of Zetland celebrated the attainment of his majority at Aske Hall, Richmond, Yorks, the other day. The Earl is seen above with his father and mother receiving the tenants who called to offer their felicitations. On the extreme left are Lord Ronaldshay's ssisters



CHRISTENING AN AEROPLANE: The Maharanee of Cooch-Behar names, at the Stag Lane Aerodrome, "Miss India," the Gipsy Moth of Mr. Mohan Singh, who will compete for the Aga Khan's prize for the first Indian to fly to India

WATER-TAXIS ON TRIAL: One of the new solutions to the traffic problem. It can go from Chiswick to Westminster in eleven minutes (at 42 m.p.h.) and costs no more than a 'bus

THE HUNT BALL SEASON: A group at the Taunton Vale and West Somerset Hunt Ball, comprising Miss E. Ferrand, Miss V. de Worms, Mrs. Swettenham, Miss Reed, Miss R. Ferrand, Mr. H. Ferrand, Flight-Lieut. Wrigley, Commmander Ferrand, Mrs. Thornton-Berry, Mr. Swettenham, Mr. Newbould, and Squadron-Leader Alford, M.C.

Bertram Park

THE FUTURE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER: Miss Loelia Ponsonby, whose engagement has recently been announced to the Duke of Westminster. Miss Ponsonby is the daughter of Sir Frederick Ponsonby and the niece of Lord Shulbrede. The Duke has been married twice before

AN AUDIENCE OF YOUTH HELD IN THRALL: One hesitates to picture the change which a sudden alarm would bring about on this interesting little group

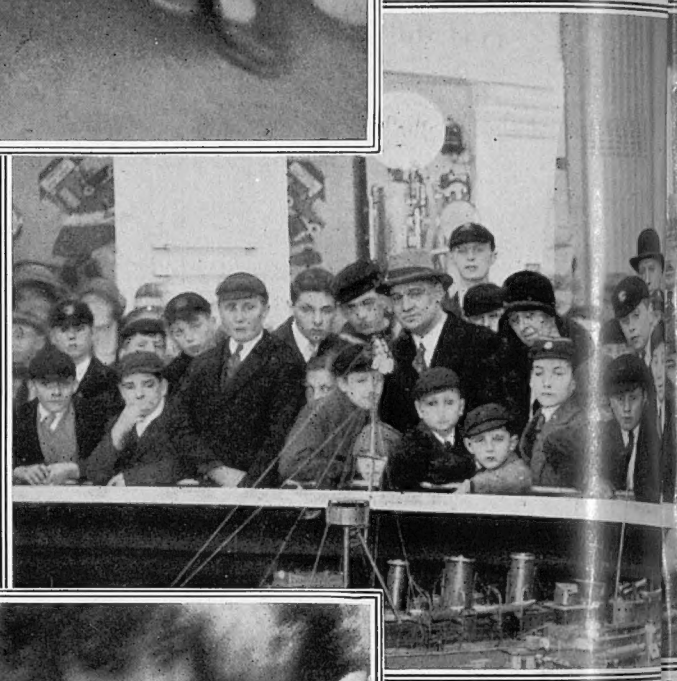
The Paisley cinema disaster, at which over sixty children lost their lives through panic, has drawn attention vividly to the whole question of the supervision of children in places of public entertainment. Although the occurrence took place on New Year's Eve, an exceptional day, it marked the very liberal use of the cinema as a kind of public crèche to which children can be sent at frequent intervals by their parents. In many cases the cinema is perhaps the safest place to send a child for the afternoon, when one considers the dangers to life and limb that assail it in public streets. On the other hand the constant attendance at cinemas has caused grave perturbation among doctors who regularly vet. the L.C.C. and other Council school children, for these doctors discover an amount of eye and brain fatigue which in many cases is alarming. This anxiety is shared by the headmistresses of Council schools, who find that their pupils are very often distrait in a class where the subject-matter cannot be made so thrilling as the film which has just been engrossing the minds of the youthfut students.

The absence of any older persons whose

CHIL... *the* CI...

Some Pictorial and o...
Created by ...

THE LUCKY FAMI... and Mrs. M'Dougall ... Paisley fire. The fourth ...



THERE WOULD ... A scene at the School... a considerable a...

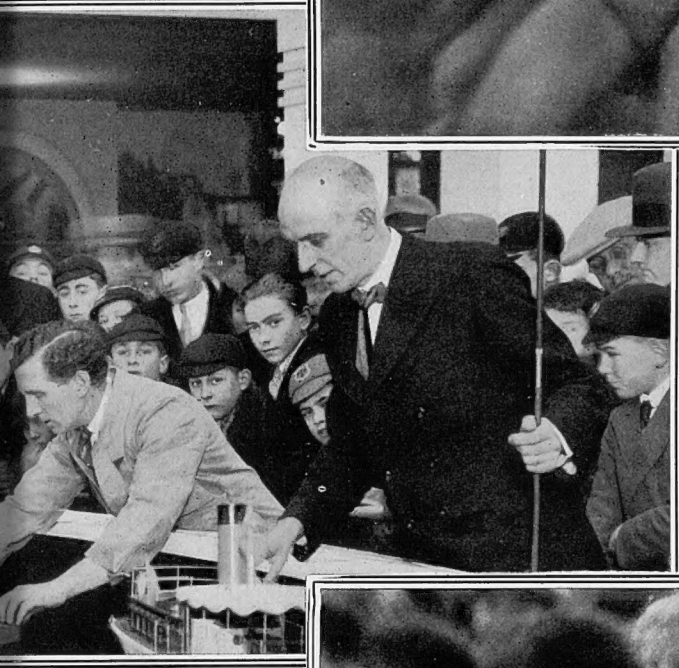
ONE WHO KEP... HIS HEAD: Mast... Davied Allison wh... knowing the buildin... showed many childre... a little-known exit

LAUGHTER WHICH COULD IN A FLASH BE CHANGED TO TEARS: A group of children enjoying a performance. Such tiny mites as the one on the left must be efficiently guarded

REN *and* CMA.

otes on the Situation isley Disaster

e three children of Mr. aped scatheless in the tained only slight injuries



PANIC HERE: nibition, where there is e of grown-ups

HEROINE OF THE TRAGEDY: Miss I. Muir, the chocolate attendant, who saved many lives at Paisley

THE CINEMA IS USED AS A PUBLIC *CRÈCHE:* In the afternoon busy working-class mothers who can scrape up a few pence send their children to the movies

age or mental characteristics would have given them temporary authority over the children at the Glen Cinema on the fatal afternoon is a salient feature which stands out from the whole sad story, and the necessity for the close scrutiny of the conditions obtaining in temporary cinema houses is also one that springs to the mind. The question of the competence of cinema house staffs when dealing with crises is a matter which will have to be thoroughly explored. No panic difficulty seems likely to arise in any public buildings where children are taken with their parents, but to be left entirely alone in a big building with the acrid smell of burning film spreading down the corridors would be calculated to flurry the nerves of any untrained youngsters. It is hoped that L.C.C. children, who are regularly trained in fire-drill and quit their big buildings in a matter of seconds, will be able to face such a crisis, should it ever occur, with the calmness which previous training—and nothing but previous training — gives. A useful solution of the present situation may be found in fewer, but better guarded, visits to the cinema.

THE LACK OF ADULT GUARDIANS IS A GRAVE QUESTION: It should be a *sine qua non* that some person in authority should accompany children to theatre or cinema

WORLD AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie *on Items of International Interest*

By **LADY DRUMMOND-HAY**

Mussolini of Persia.—Riza Khan, Shah of Persia, one of the most romantic, mysterious spirits of this new age of progress and emancipation is steadily transforming Persia into a modern country. Like Mussolini, Kemal Pasha, and Chiang Kai-shek, all of whom meteorically burst upon the post-War horizon, Riza Khan emerged from obscurity to grasp the vacillating helm of State in his country's hour of need. By less spectacular methods than those of Kemal Pasha in Turkey, the self-constituted Persian monarch is forcing his people into step with the twentieth-century West. Like Mussolini and Chiang Kai-shek, Riza Khan maintains a rigid simplicity of life. In common with all three, the Shah, who is at the same time the Nationalist leader of Persia, directs a policy which is purely nationalistic. Nationalistic but not anti-foreign.

"You will not find a trace of anti-foreign sentiment in all Persia," ex-Foreign Minister Pakrevan claimed to me. "Our sole desire is to live as an independent and civilised people, in harmony and equality with other nations."

The Shah himself sets an amazing example of devotion to duty and consideration for family life to his subjects. He rises about four o'clock in the morning. Morning inspection of troops, however, means that he is up and about before sunrise. By six he is already at his desk. Between eight and 11.30 he receives Ministers and executives, handling State questions with unsmiling concentration. Respite then until 2.30, during which time he lunches alone or with the Crown Prince. Very occasionally does the Shah invite State Ministers to luncheon, and when he does, it is never singly or by twos or threes, but a number together.

Dinner at seven is strictly a private function. The Shah of Persia, successor if he wished to all the luxury, ceremony, splendour, and privileges of his predecessors, dines alone with his wife in the simple manner of any ordinary happy and devoted *ménage*. Rarely does the repast exceed three courses. The Shah has no prejudice against a glass of light wine at dinner, though he drinks very moderately and enjoys a smoke.

The Royal Persian family life might serve as a model for millions of less exalted homes. Serious, hard-working all day, Riza Khan never laughs "in business hours" it is said, though he will smile a welcome or appreciation. He keeps his good humour and jokes for the hours of relaxation "at home." The sybaritic attributes of his predecessors play no part in his simple life. Gorgeous uniforms, jewels, and rich decorations are reserved for strictly official occasions. His everyday dress is a khaki uniform. The Shah has no harem, but looks to his wife and children for comradeship and company.

Modernising Persia.—Every Persian diplomatic representative abroad is required to send him translations of all newspaper references to Persia, which he personally peruses. In Teheran he reads daily or has a secretary to translate for him articles on world affairs from the International Press. A strict disciplinarian, his army is devoted to him. Nationalistic, he works for the exploitation of Persia's dormant resources by Persians, and does not encourage foreign concessions more than necessary.

Abreast with the times, and far ahead of the majority of his compatriots, Riza Khan sees in every new road or stretch of railway a highway to modernisation and progress. So he builds roads and railways as fast as circumstances and financial resources allow. Some 4,400 miles of road are opening up country which until very recently could only be traversed by caravans. Substantial progress is made with the railway linking up the Caspian Sea and Persian Gulf. Telephone connection with America will be inaugurated early in the New Year. Wireless, inland telephones, telegraph service are already a part of the life of the people.

So far, however, there has been no question of Latinising the alphabet. With keen foresight the Shah believes in building up the future on the basis of the younger generation. Persian students are being sent at Government expense in increasing numbers to various European countries, especially France, Germany, and Italy. Those in France specialise in military training and technique and aviation; students in Germany in aviation and science; Italy is looked to for naval and marine instruction; England for wireless and engineering; Brussels for learning, and so forth. Rich Persian families are encouraged to send their sons abroad for education. Persian girls are gradually being drafted abroad to study and learn modern medicine, hygiene, and science.

The idea of a modernised Persia deals a heavy blow at romance. Of all Oriental countries Persia has most tenaciously preserved a veil of fragrant mystery and glittering allure. Rose gardens where the bulbul sings at nightfall, cypress-fringed pools reflecting the silver scimitar of the young moon, Omar Kháyyám toasting Love, Life, and Death in ruby wine—your gentle day is drawing to a close. Young Persia will prefer a car-park to a garden, a radio to the bulbul, the movies to the moon, and old Omar may have to rhyme a requiem to pre-Prohibition days.

An Oriental Dynamo.—Mr. Seiji Noma, the "Northcliffe of Japan" and the greatest publisher East of Suez, unknown twenty years ago, is to-day a millionaire "Magazine King," claiming 10,000,000 readers, which figure can only be rivalled by William Randolph Hearst, the "Newspaper King of America." As a poor young teacher he is said to have painted a big fist on one of the paper doors of his small house, with the following words: "What is the thing a man should covet and seize? Honour? Gold? Power? As for me, give me all three." And, at the age of fifty, strong, radiating vitality and dynamic energy, he is enjoying all three, never unmindful of the force which gained him his ambition—work.

Possessing one of the most magnificent residences in Tokio, successful publisher of books and nine monthly magazines of which one at least has a guaranteed circulation of one-and-a-half-million copies, Mr. Noma works from early morning until the late hours of night. As far as I know he does not think of recreation or long for leisure. With other great world figures he shares the secret of organising his men and inspiring subordinates with enthusiasm and unflagging loyalty. Everything he has made up his mind to achieve he has achieved by dogged toil.

His marriage was no less romantic than his meteoric career. Working as teacher in the Luchu Islands, the principal of his school suggested that a wife might be company for him, and that if Noma liked, he—the principal—would bring back a wife to him from Tokio. Noma agreed, and a woman-teacher accompanied the match-making principal to the school, where the marriage took place, turning out extremely well, if the happy, luxurious Noma home in Otowa, Koishikawa, is a true criterion of the household. Certainly Noma loved his wife, and even in the days of their poverty dreamed of the time when he would lavish on her the luxury which he saw as a goal in the house of a millionaire neighbour, a Mr. Sudo. "Though we are poor to-day," he would tell her, "I assure you that in no distant future I shall make myself rich enough to . . . ." and here would follow a list of everything that they lacked or felt the need of at that special moment.

Born into extreme poverty, with the heritage of distinguished ancestors, young Saiji Noma from his earliest youth was consumed with ambition to restore the glory of the family. Rejected by the Military Preparatory School because of his indifferent health, he became a school teacher, and followed that calling until he was thirty. Between the ages of thirty and fifty he rose from poverty to millionaire, from teacher of small classes in the far-off Luchu Islands to one of the "greatest popular educators and spiritual leaders in Japan," to quote a learned contemporary.

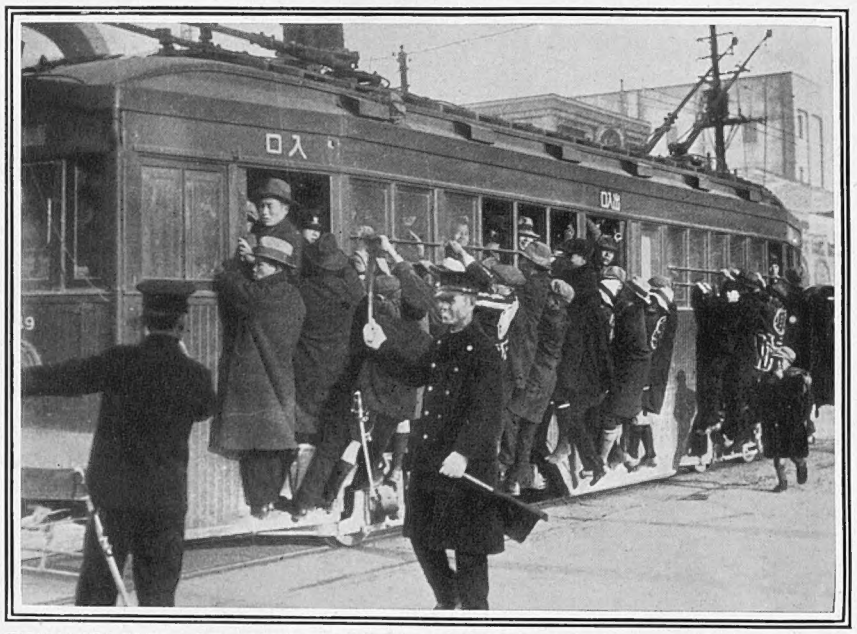
The Women and the Duce.—Mussolini, whose name is blazoned gloriously across the horizon of this generation, recently published his alleged views regarding the status of woman. As provocation to piquant controversy the article is worthy of Benito Mussolini the journalist of his younger days. But as a dignified expression of weighed and scholarly reflection it is unworthy of the twentieth-century prototype of Julius Cæsar. In fact it is very hard to believe that the Duce really means the world to take him seriously in this article. He has a keen sense of humour, and a rare instinct for the dramatic, necessary to press home a point or reform he has at heart. Again and again he has successfully been able to draw upon his early journalistic training to achieve a subtle propaganda in some cause which he knew, and subsequently proved to be, of vast benefit to the Italian nation.

Such sentiments as "Woman never created anything," "I am not in favour of the total emancipation of women," "Have you ever known a really practical woman?—I have not!" "Women have no wills of their own," "No man ever reached greatness because of the impelling power of a woman behind him," hardly ring sincere coming from a man of Mussolini's greatness and vision.

When I was in Rome just before Christmas, Mussolini's dissatisfaction and alleged alarm at the decreasing birth-rate in certain Italian centres was one of the main subjects of Press and conversational comment. Therefore it is quite understandable that he should have recourse personally to the Press to emphasise a state of affairs which he believes to be dangerous to Italy's future interests. In the article in question the Duce denies the accepted rights of modern woman as understood all over the civilised world, building out his fundamentally serious contribution with such expressions as "Women are amusing, sentimental, and born romantic. The fair sex are confident, credulous little animals. It is sufficient to them that a man says 'I love you' and they are happy."

Mussolini is a man of dignity and would not lightly or in an insignificant cause allow the world to-day and posterity for ever to quote him so frivolously. This much-discussed article was written with a purpose. The Duce had a message for his people and gave it to them in the way he knew would appeal most quickly and poignantly.

His own daughter Edda is an example of modern Italian girlhood. Well educated, travelled, accustomed to freedom, with the poise and natural dignity born of freedom and independence. The Duce has not surrounded himself with "credulous little animals," but with fine, if totally different types of developed womanhood. Mussolini's denunciation of women is drawing the fire of impetuous critics from all over the world, but I am quite sure that in Italy, where his chivalry and qualities are well known, Mussolini's message has been accepted in good part by his sunny-tempered country-women.



REMINISCENT OF THE GENERAL STRIKE: An overcrowded voluntary train run during the transport strike in Tokio. It is strange to realise that even so efficient and despotic a nation as Nippon can be menaced with the disturbances and troubles of the West

MILITARY WORLD NEWS

The Demobilisation of Denmark: Conscription in Persia: A Diplomatic Ceremony in Germany: Civic Improvements in Persia

DENMARK TO DEMOBILISE: The army and navy are to be transformed into a Guard-corps and a State navy. The tasks of the new forces involve the safeguarding of Danish neutrality and the inspection of the Fisheries. Typical infantrymen are seen above

PRESIDENT HINDENBURG'S NEW YEAR RECEPTION: The Ambassadors of France (who, in the absence of the diplomatic doyen of Berlin, Krestinski, held the speech), America, Rumania, and China on the steps of the Presidium. Almost pre-War state marked the procedure throughout

CONSCRIPTION A GAMBLE: In the new Persia youth is conscripted for military service as in many countries of Europe. Before the advent of the new dynasty military power in Persia was nil. When Riza Khan took over the army a compulsory Act of Conscription was passed, as a consequence of which the youth of the country must serve three years in the army. Only students can serve one year. Above is a scene in the conscription camp at Tabriz. Here the youths draw cards on which names are written. Out of every hundred cards thus marked five are left blank. These represent the five exemption cards, and whoever draws these blanks is exempt from ever serving in the army. *Inset above on left*—A CIVIC IMPROVEMENT IN PERSIA: A group of workers removing bricks from dilapidated houses which are being demolished in Persia to make room for wider streets. Labour in Persia is following in the footsteps of the West, with the unions being adopted in almost every trade

EUROPE *honours the* ALLIANCE *of* ITALY *and* BELGIUM.

Special Pictures Taken on the Eve of the Wedding Between the Crown Prince of Italy and the Princess of Belgium

THE ARRIVAL OF THE BELGIAN ROYAL FAMILY IN ROME: The carriage, escorted by the Corazzieri Reali, in which Princess Marie-José, Princess Giovanna, Prince Umberto, and Prince Charles of Belgium were taken from the station to the Quirinal, in the Pauline Chapel of which the wedding was celebrated

A PRESENT FOR THE CROWN PRINCESS OF ITALY: Peasants from Landagna in their picturesque costumes with a hand-embroidered table-cloth which they presented to the Royal bride. Peasants from all parts of Italy have poured into Rome, and few companies came empty-handed. The gifts Princess Marie-José received were legion

ALLIED BY THE MARRIAGE OF THEIR CHILDREN: King Victor Emanuel II of Italy and King Albert of the Belgians *en route* from the station to the Palace

A galaxy of notables was present in Rome for the Royal marriage of Italy and Belgium for whom a scarlet tribune was erected before the Quirinal on the eve of the wedding. The King and Queen of Italy, the King and Queen of the Belgians, King Boris of Bulgaria, the Prince of Monaco, and the Grand Duchess of Luxembourg were among the reigning monarchs. The Duke of York represented Great Britain. France sent Marshal Pétain.

The ESKIMO and his IGLOO.

The Noted Arctic Explorer Viljhalmar Stefansson stated recently that not 300 Eskimos had ever seen an Ice Hut. "The Sphere's" Special Correspondent in Canada Refutes this Statement by Evidence Gleaned from many Sources

By THOMAS WAYLING

THE SUMMER HOME: A skin tent is the conventional Eskimo dwelling in the warm months, unless he has "inherited" a white man's tent

Ottawa, Canada, has 7,000 Eskimo living up under the frozen eaves of British North America and in the winter they live in igloos, Viljhalmar Stefansson notwithstanding. Building the googly-roofed igloo is as natural to the Eskimo as dam building is to a beaver. When winter comes the skin tents come down and the igloos go up. From Baffin Land to Demarcation Point, from the Barren Lands to Bache Peninsula, igloos are still built in the winter just as they were when Franklin's men disdained the natives, and failing to live their life, perished.

At this moment Major L. T. Burwash, a Canadian explorer, is journeying alone from King William Island to the mouth of the Coppermine River. Near King William Island Franklin abandoned his ships and sought "to reach Back's Coppermine River." He had a hundred men and more, but failed. Burwash is getting through. He has lived with the natives, and in igloos. Dr. Livingstone, a Canadian doctor sent to see to the health of the natives of Baffin Land, made a lone patrol of 1,100 miles right round Baffin Island from Pangnirtung and back again. Every night he lay in an igloo built by his Eskimo guides.

Stefansson says that not 300 Eskimos have seen an ice-hut. Dr. Livingstone patrolled via Sinayah, Frobisher Bay, and Lake Harbor to Amadjuak. He checked an outbreak of chicken-pox among the natives. He then travelled by Amadjuak Lake and along a large river flowing north into Nettilling Fiord. He travelled for 52 days and visited 500 natives. And in this one patrol ice-huts (he lived in them) were no novelty and were seen by 500 or more Eskimos.

Inspector Joy of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police established the most northerly police post in the world at Bache Peninsula, within 11 degrees of the pole. He made the lone patrol as far west as Axel Heiberg and Ellef Ringnes Island. There were igloos up there in winter.

Constable Makinson patrolled to the south end of Ellesmere Island. He found igloos there. Commander Byrd tried to get Inspector Joy to join his Antarctic Expedition. Even diplomatic representations were made. Joy said he would go if he was ordered, but preferred his work with the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in the Arctic. He was then a sergeant. His long patrol and his loyalty brought him promotion.

Inspector Wilcox, who came down from the Arctic after a long term in charge of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police detachments up there, patrolled a great deal of the territory. Not long ago he told me this story:

"After a long patrol we finally reached a village near Igloolik. An igloo was put up for us, with a smaller igloo alongside. The little igloo had no side opening but one at the top, through which we passed our stores and then sealed it up to keep it safe from the dogs. About midnight I stirred from a deep sleep. I dreamt that from all directions over the ice hills long streams of Eskimos and dog teams were coming to the village. The drivers yelled and the dogs barked and the noise was terrific. Then I woke to reality. Over the top and round the igloo the biggest dog-fight in the world was going on. A husky had got into the stores, and when one dog gets its nose into anything every dog in the village seems to know it instantaneously. Every Eskimo turned out with his dog whip and lashed indiscriminately into the fighting mass. Every time a whip struck it raised hide and a howl. It took two hours to get that fighting snarl untangled. There were three hundred dogs in that fight."

"What about your stores?" I asked him.

"Gone," was the reply, "tea, coffee, tobacco, molasses, trade goods—all gone. Fortunately I had put some stores in a small caché in the mainland for our return journey."

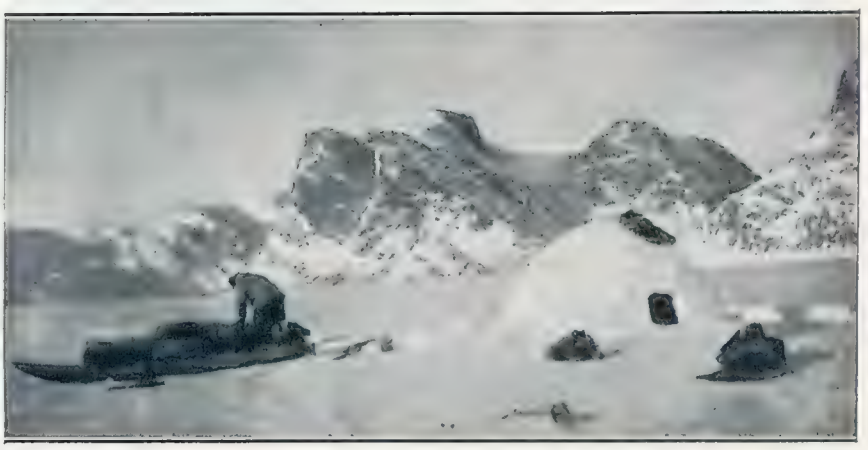
This patrol took forty-five days. The inspector visited 150 natives in the 900 miles covered. Igloos were everywhere.

In the Western Arctic igloos are still the Eskimo "parlour, bedroom, and bath."

The reports of "Mounties" in the far north bear out the fact that the Eskimo lives in skin tents in the summer and igloos in the winter. There are 101 Royal Canadian Mounted Police officers on duty in the Arctic.

Around the bigger settlements, such as Angnirtung on Baffin Land and Aklavik at the mouth of the Mackenzie River, the natives live in make-shift huts. In the interior wood is practically unknown. Now and then some native will fall heir to a white man's tent, but for the most part the skin tent and the igloo are the Eskimo home.

THE ERECTION OF AN IGLOO: An Eskimo building a winter residence. He starts by digging down to the ice and setting blocks either of frozen water or pressed snow at an angle sloping inwards



HERMETICALLY SEALED: An igloo ready for habitation. When it is occupied the entrance is boarded up. Disregard of native methods of life killed Franklin and his crew of 100 men

COLD MATERIAL CAN GIVE WARMTH: The inhabitants of the Arctic endure the coldest winter in snow huts

THE ADVENT OF CIVILISATION: Wooden cabins covered with sacks from all quarters of the globe are beginning to supplant the skin huts of the native

An igloo takes about two hours to make. The snow is about two feet deep, and the Eskimo digs down to the ice. He may make his igloo of blocks of ice or blocks of heavily packed snow. Like the icing of a komatik, the native sledge, there is a knack to the building of an igloo. The native cuts his blocks at an angle, and they fit pretty closely, so that the final block in the roof locks the structure. A second or third igloo may be built adjoining; and a shelter for the dogs.

Commissioner Starnes, Chief of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, whose active service had to do with the Riel rebellion and the policing of the plains in the early days, nevertheless put in some time at Chesterfield Inlet. The natives in the interior use igloos in winter, he says. G. P. Mackenzie, the Canadian Government Explorer, who each year heads the Annual Arctic Expedition, makes the same statement of the natives visited on the eastern Arctic coast.

STREET SCENE: A typical view of Rushda in the Oasis of Dakhla

OUTPOSTS

Egypt for the Multitude is Composed of Shepheard's Hot Desert and the Nile thrown in. In the Accomp is

By HAROLD WATTERSO

The official Frontiers Administration quarter of the Oasis of Kharg is a pleasant, peaceful place of tinkling fountains; of gardens g with English flowers; of shady walks and fruit-laden orchards, wh everywhere one hears the rich song of the bul-bul and rufus warbl Electric fans are in all rooms of the Government buildings; ev window is mosquito-proofed, and at night, when the electric light shining down on the splashing fountains and the air is heavy w the perfume of jasmine, it is difficult indeed to realise that 1 miles of difficult desert separate Khargha from the Valley of t Nile. The shade temperature recorded on the instruments at t meteorological station was very high.

Khargha is exceedingly fertile. The water-supply is abundant— percolates down under the limestone from the Soudan, and is fou in the oasis at a depth of 430 odd feet. It gushes unaided fr artesian wells with a head of about 10 ft., and wherever flows transforms the wilderness into scenes of pastoral lovelin where fat kine browse deep in lush grass, golden cornfields rustle the hot breeze, and bees, brought from Cairo by the Egypti Ministry of Agriculture, drone in the clover-fields. Eighty thousa date palms enhance the beauty of the oasis and provide work for t inhabitants, for every fruit-bearing tree has to be fertilised artificia by hand once a year.

Yet the town of Khargha itself, with its four thousand inhabitan is a weird and dreadfully squalid place. In common with other oas towns, Khargha has been engulfed from time to time by advanci sand-dunes. Instead of moving the town the people built again

A RELIC OF PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY: The early Christian necropolis at Khargha Oasis

The Assuan Express steamed slowly out of the stifling echoing gloom of Cairo railway station, thundered across the great suspension bridge over the Nile at Embaba, and, gathering speed, roared for 375 miles through the scented, star-spangled Egyptian night to draw up with a prodigious screaming of brakes at 4 o'clock the next morning at the wayside halt of Moasla, where, across the river, the huge lattice pylons supporting the aerial ropeway of the new Nagahamadi Dam across the Nile towered through the morning mists, and the unending hiss-bang-hiss-bang of steam pile-drivers smote the still air. Just as the train was about to leave, a melancholy little man of middle age, clad in what appeared to be a cardboard suit, struggled baggage-laden from a third-class coach and joined us in brewing an early cup of tea in the hut with the three broken chairs on the platform. He proved to be a German engineer from Shanghai who, owing to the political situation in China, had lost his money and his job, and had come to Egypt to work on the Dam.

Presently the young doctor, in his little 2-seater 2-cylinder car, surnamed the "struggle-buggy," came ponking across country from Luxor. Then the petrol-driven trolley of the Western Oases Railway came up, and stowing our baggage and ourselves therein we clattered off on the 125-mile trek to Khargha Oasis, leaving the German, a pathetic figure in his strange cardboard suit, waving us farewell amongst his boxes on the platform.

There is only one train a week from the Nile Valley to Khargha Oasis, so Government officials on duty use an eighteen-years-old petrol trolley fitted with an even more ancient Alldays and Onions engine. Appropriately enough, the route at first winds-through fields of flowering garlic!

The Western Oases Light Railway, which was to have linked the Oases of Khargha and Dakhla to the Nile, but which never reached Dakhla, runs at first across an endless barren plain with no sign of life save an occasional migratory turtle-dove and a few English swallows, and as time passed even the young doctor began to feel bored. The sun rose on the untidy stone-littered plateau, and a burning wind sprang up. After 60 odd miles or so of the monotonous plain the line began to rise and we passed through the Wadi Batik, or Valley of Melons, with its myriads of round stones about the shape and size of footballs, then past curious outcrops of porphyry to a desolate country of limestone gorges and ravines, and thence to the 35-mile descent into the oasis. Sitting bolt upright in the jolting, rocking trolley, unprotected from the scorching sun by any hood, the weary hours passed slowly until at last occasional tufts of cotton-grass and solitary sunt-trees appeared. Then fields of waving corn came into view, and quite suddenly, round a bend in the line, a wonderful ruined Egyptian temple came into sight, built in rose-coloured stone and mirrored in a placid lake against a background of intense greenery—and we were at Khargha Oasis, where smartly-uniformed Frontiers Administration soldiers whisked us away in desert Fords down a tree-lined avenue to the rest-house, there to revel in cold baths followed by tea and toast.

the engulfed houses, and this successively, so that now one goes dow into a series of cellars and crawls through stifling tunnels into rabbit-warren of dimly-lit caverns, the air in which smells like the sma mammals' house at the London Zoo. In this underground town there heard on every hand the hacking cough of the victim of tuberculosis, an not even the Governor himself can assure you that the place is kept clea The people of Khargha as a whole do not impress one at all favourably, no do they improve upon closer acquaintance. Possibly this is not entirel their fault, for rice-fields dotted with date-palms surround the town and rice-fields invariably mean malaria; 80 per cent. of the people of th oasis are so affected. The outlook on life of a person with chronic malari is not a normal one, and medical science can, in fact, gauge with almos mathematical accuracy the amount of energy lost through the disease There is also a considerable admixture of negro blood in the oasis, fo Khargha lies on the Darb-el-Arbeien, or Forty Days' Road, used from time immemorial right up to the 'eighties of the last century by the slave caravans which came up from Equatorial Africa to the Valley of the Nile.

On a hill about a mile from the Government offices is an early Christian necropolis, with a mortuary church and rows of elaborate mud tombs adorned inside with archaic Biblical mural decorations and appro priate inscriptions in Byzantine Greek, and one notes how closely the early Christian's naïve idea of what God the Father must be like resembles one's own secret childhood's views on the subject, that of a rather fierce-looking elderly gentleman with a long beard. The necropolis is no place to visit in June, for the young doctor's psychrometer (which is a hydrometer over which a spring-actuated fan draws a column of air) registered a temperature of 50 deg. C., or 122 deg. Fah., in the tombs. The musty odour of bats and the material evidence of human mortality scattered around made one very glad to get back to the Governor's garden, to the splash of fountains, to the apricots ripe and falling, and to the song of birds.

The ruined ancient Egyptian temple erected at Khargha Oasis by Darius to the god Ammon has, on the other hand, the most exquisite setting imaginable, and is lovely when viewed from any angle. Many of the still vivid frescoes are unfinished, and it is doubtful if the temple itself was ever quite completed. But it remains to-day, although unvisited and forgotten, one of the most beautiful of Egypt's ancient temples.

# of EGYPT

, and the Pyramids, with a Dim Appreciation of the rticle another Facet of that Mysterious Land evealed

M.I.E.E. *(Fellow, Inst. Radio Engrs.)*

THE MAYORALTY OF AN OUTPOST: The house of the Omdah, Tenida Dakhla Oasis

A DEATH-DEALER OF THE DESERT: The scorpion-spider of the Oasis of Dakhla. It grows to an enormous size and its bite is often fatal

Our work took us to the villages of the Khargha Oasis — Baris, Bulak, and Genakh—and it was not until midnight of the day of our arrival that we were able to leave Khargha on the 125-mile desert trek to the Great Oasis of Dakhla. Our vehicles consisted of a standard Egyptian Frontiers Administration desert Ford, and a dreadful caricature of a touring Ford minus hood, floorboards, battery, dynamo, wings, bonnet, and fan, belonging to a communal society of the villages of Dakhla Oasis. Both headlight glasses were smashed and the astigmatic bulbs glowed only feebly, as for two hours we toiled with boiling radiator through extremely bad, soft, sandy country until we finally stuck fast at the point where the abandoned Western Oases Railway loses itself in a sea of sand. Here we found a Ford lorry which had left Khargha the day before, also stuck fast, with its crew sleeping peacefully near by. As we had been practically gassed by fumes from a badly-fitted exhaust joint we were not averse from leaving our comic car for a time. It was at this juncture that we discovered that our Frontiers Administration Ford had fractured its chassis. The Frontiers cars carry almost every imaginable spare, but not an extra chassis, so we contrived to lash up the fracture with rope and spanners after a fashion. All this in pitch darkness. Somehow we eventually got the cars and the lorry out of the sand, both of us by this time being tired out, for neither the writer nor the young doctor had slept for forty hours.

Came the dawn, and found our two Fords bunniking along over loose rocks with here and there a soft patch, in a landscape covered with huge, black excrescences resembling titanic inverted plum puddings, which stretched as far as the eye could reach. Followed 31 miles of perfectly smooth, level going over the bed of an ancient dried-up lake networked by the practical-joke department of Nature with huge fissures, anyone of which would have wrecked both cars. There is no likelihood of one losing one's way on the stretch which separates Khargha from Dakhla, for the route is indicated by an almost continuous line of mummified carcasses of camels, invariably with the head twisted over the back in the death agony, and the legs drawn up together. North and south on the skyline there stretched a high limestone escarpment. Soon the going became increasingly difficult and rocky, and the colour of the country changed from blacks and greys to brilliant ochreous hues of blue, purple, yellow, and green, and as the sun rose the air quickly became exceedingly hot. A violent wind then arose, and one realised how very apt is the Biblical description of the desert as a "howling wilderness."

It must have been at about ten o'clock in the morning—when the temperature was almost unbearable and everybody was really getting past caring what happened—that we suddenly saw a welcome line of greenery extending along the base of the escarpment parallel to which we had been running for hours, and very shortly afterwards came to Tenida, the first of the villages of the Great Oasis, and sought the shelter of the Egyptian Government rest-house, there to make tea and stretch our cramped limbs. Twenty minutes later we were bowling along an excellent motor-road.

The Oasis of Dakhla is one of the most curiously beautiful places in the whole world. It is a depression in the Libyan Desert, 18 miles long by 9 miles wide. The floor of the depression is flat and sandy with isolated sandstone outcrops dotted about. On the sandy plain are twelve isolated spots of intense vegetation, each of which contains a small town or large village. The houses are built of mud bricks in colour a deep purple. Some of the villages are built on sandstone outcrops others are on the plain. All are quaint and interesting, and are interconnected by properly engineered motor roads. There is no squalor, and the whole oasis is surprisingly clean and fresh. Dakhla has a total population of about 20,000, and there are about 250,000 fruit-bearing date palms in the oasis, each of which pays a nominal Government tax of 1½ piastres a year.

ERECTED BY A PERSIAN TO AN EGYPTIAN GOD: The temple at Khargha erected by Darius to Ammon

THE DIVISION OF A WATER SUPPLY: To irrigate as great an area as possible the stream is divided in the manner shown above

HAYTI and the U.S.A.

Conditions in the West Indian Island produce Communistic repercussions in Washington and New York: Afghanistan's conqueror honoured: The Hindu King of beggars

THE CROWNED KING OF BEGGARS: *Although this mendicant monk of India is covered but with scanty rags, he wears a head-dress which is the envy of many a native Prince — a somewhat typical anomaly of Brahmanism*

THE STRONG HAND IN HAYTI: *That troubled island whose history is as filled with blood-stained pages as an egg is with meat has recently undergone one of its typical periods of upheaval. The American forces have now been increased to 1,100 and martial law has been successfully established. The Haytian Constabulary is seen above undergoing inspection*

HONOUR TO THE CONQUEROR OF KABUL: *Shah Wali Khan, the newly appointed Afghan Minister in London, crossed into India and was met by Brig.-Gen. Milward and a Gurkha Guard of Honour*

RELEASED BY ORDER OF PRESIDENT HOOVER: *Considerable Communist agitation has been prevalent in the States against the conduct of Haytian affairs. Demonstrations were held simultaneously in New York and Washington, D.C. The group seen above "processed" outside the White House, and was run in by the police, but the disturbers of the peace were subsequently released on the order of the Great White Chief*

HAYTI REVERBERATES IN NEW YORK: *Outside the City Hall some five hundred Communists demonstrated in protest against the conditions in the troublesome West Indian Island. They distributed literature and refused to disperse upon police instructions. Mounted constables then charged the crowd and fourteen arrests were made, a close-up of one of which is shown above*

"MAHATMA" GANDHI: Perhaps the greatest influence among the rank and file who give backing to the anti-British leaders of the Indian Congress. He is a Gujerati, of the *bani* or hereditary money-lending caste, and has none of the social claim to religious leadership enjoyed by the Brahman. He has, however, a grip on popular imagination due to his advocacy of cottage industries and the simple life—two useful bases of appeal in an age when India is beginning to feel, and to resent, the hustle of the West

GANDHI *and his* 4-ANNA CONGRESS

Its Value in the Determination of Opinion in Hindustan is Accurately Assessed Below

By "MAUSER."

India uproarious! India heaving with malice, clamouring for independence, and shaking its fist two inches from the nose of John Bull!

How on earth did it come about; and what, in heaven's name, does it all mean?

To the plain man who reads his morning's paper the puzzlement may well be forgiven. By direct plan and design of the fomenters of the trouble the problem has been obscured of the simplicity which would be its undoing. It is artificial; and has no greater weight than that which we, following pliantly at the heels of the incessant agitation of Indian politicians, have given it.

To begin with; in so far as there is nobody in India who has any inherent or delegated right to speak for its 340 millions there is no public opinion. There is no Indian nation. India is not a nation, but a chaotic continent not only of divergent but of actively inter-antipathetic races, religions, languages, and customs. It not only has no national consciousness, but no formula exists or could possibly be brought into being which would be common ground for its watertight parts.

How, then, have we allowed this presupposition of Indian unity and nationality to go by default, and have passively admitted the vocal and political portion of the land to be a voice not only worth considering but to be taken seriously when it utters threats?

Let us get our definitions clear. The matter is simple enough if traced to its origins and followed through a short series of logical developments.

India, taken as a geographical whole, was governed wisely and justly under an absolute and patriarchal system up to the year 1880. The land, in whole and in detail, was happy and prosperous. In that year Mr. Gladstone came into power at Westminster, pledged by the tenets of his politics to the emancipation of subject races throughout our Empire wherever found. The matter of Home Rule for Ireland, closer home, he attended to himself. That of what he imagined to be the emancipation of India he delegated to Lord Ripon, whom, as Viceroy, he sent to India. A by-product of the Ripon Anti-Imperial Mandate was an attempt at applying to India the "concessions" then being made to the forces of disorder in Ireland; whether avowedly, or by inference, Ripon's instructions contained an exploratory clause whereby the ever-present obsession of Home Rule, in Gladstone's mind, might equally be fitted to a people who, in sharing with the Irish a charm, insouciance, lack of cohesion, and complete irresponsibility were, are, and ever will be unfitted to independent management of their own affairs.

Ripon, with good backing from home, a free hand, and the *hubris* which comes with the omnipotence of a new Viceroy in every period, went ahead too fast. He introduced the Ilbert Bill—named after Sir Courtenay Ilbert, the lawyer, who drafted it—a measure which, in abolishing the rights of Englishmen in the East to trial by jury would have put them at the mercy of native judges. The furore it aroused found expression in a curious equivalent to what we afterwards knew, in a very different setting, as the "Jameson Raid," where the white mounted volunteer forces of the planters rode into Calcutta from Behár and Assam and camped on the *Maidán* outside Government House—nominally with the object of protecting the Viceroy from any outbreak of the white population against his personal safety: really to give force and point to the fact that such an outbreak was physically possible and, not to put too fine a point on it, that the Volunteers themselves would be the spearpoint of such a movement. In the nature of Liberal psychology, hidden from and unexplainable to those of more virile mind, "self-determination" goes hand-in-hand with "safety first," two defeatist formulæ which have blossomed into open avowal only since the Great War.

Lord Ripon panicked, and the withdrawal of the Ilbert Bill was followed by the withdrawal of the Light Horse. But, *pari passu*, with the Ilbert Bill went a measure, infinitely more dangerous, with unforeseeably more mischievous implications, which got hidden behind the apparently more vital issue. The Ripon scheme for Local Self-Government—which the Indians, to whom the measure was a puzzling innovation as cutting right across their hereditary tradition of strong personal government, knew as "Lokil Sluff"—was the thin end of the wedge which undermined the direct rule of the white man in the East, and, *pro tanto*, has since given rise to the manifestation of government by the counting of heads rather than by the quality of stuff which is in them, which has spread like a virulent pestilence throughout Asia, and has been the parent of what is now a varied but universal and irremediable chaos from the Caspian to the China Seas, and from the borders of Siberia to the Indian Ocean.

This scheme of Local Self-Government—in every meaning of the word uncalled-for—was an eye-opener to the natives of India; inasmuch as it, by implication, abdicated the principle of strong personal rule, it was a confession of weakness and an opportunity for all who had a grievance. Forthwith was born the "Congress"—in its earlier days by no means an extremist institution, but ostensibly formed with the object of keeping the Viceroy in touch with the aspirations of the people. Its specific nature, however, was soon lost when the older and more responsible members were buried under a landslide of the younger hot-heads, nine-tenths of whom had a personal grievance as disappointed place-hunters, and who seized on this new opening as a fitting substitute for the Government service to which they had failed to gain admission.

Aping, as it did, the forms and features of Irish Nationalism at Westminster, and vocal by means of a disloyal native press—which, again, had Lord Ripon to thank for its unmuzzling—the Congress obtained a hearing and consideration out of all proportion to its importance or usefulness. Not elected,* representing nobody but itself, it commenced by being encouraged by the sentimentalist doctrinaire under whose ægis it came to birth; it was tolerated as a safety-valve to the disgruntled elements by succeeding Viceroys of greater worth, and finished by becoming an institution, an incubus, a Frankenstein which has developed and acquired an increasing immunity until it is now able to voice, in the unanimous vote of its 20,000 self-elected members, what is nothing less than open and organised rebellion.

In the forty-five years of its existence this Congress has inflicted on us an "inferiority complex," an acquiescent following on the whirl of changes whereby the nimble Oriental—paralleling the Hibernian—mentality keeps us on the jump. It has been the king-pin around which every self-interested attack on the governing power has formed itself into groups, or in the momentary throwing-up of individuals with claims to popular leadership. The names of its presidents form a kaleidoscope of varying flame-colour. Its satellites—often divided in sentiment, race, religion, and even language—had and have one purpose only in common: the subversion of ordered government. Constructive policy is not in them, nor the power of pulling together; but so long as destruction is the programme, an appearance of unanimity is produced which conveys to the English an altogether fallacious picture of that *vox populi* which the feebler portion of our nation has always identified with *vox dei*.

The Congress has, moreover, a consistent history. Incapable of originating a defined and constructive line of thought, it, and those who hang by it, have borrowed wholesale and without any modification or alteration from that other land which has, throughout its history, so successfully been a thorn in the side of the British. Commencing, quite logically, in the Home Rule policy of Gladstone's emissary, it went on to borrow the same methods of sedition, clever manipulation of politics, boycott, terrorism, and assassination as have been the special *venue* of Ireland. In India this bag of tricks was immediately successful among the only other people in the world whose *psyché*, mentality, and point of view approximate that of the otherwise unique and unexampled Irish. Each success of Ireland at the expense of England has been matched by simultaneous imitative and equally successful pressure being brought to bear on us by India's self-appointed spokesmen. The two mentalities run in the same groove. India's politicians have, in the end, outdone their Irish opposite numbers, till now it is said of them, as it was said of others in a very different connection, that they have become *Hiberniores Hibernis ipsis*. To-day we hear that the delegates to the Congress, assembled in Lahore, marched to their meeting to the tune of "The Wearing of the Green." Could logical conclusion go further?

The puzzle of Indian politics, and the clear foreseeing of the line of Indian political action in any given set of circumstances, may be solved if the searcher after light imagines to himself what Irishmen would do in exactly similar circumstances. If he can imagine that, he has the sure key to the Indian parallel. Providence made the two minds in the same mould; and the resultant actions are akin and exact, both in origin, method, and result.

With Ireland's success, and our recent abdication from its Government fresh in their minds, what wonder that the bitterly hostile elements of the India which we have so long and so sympathetically governed should now come boldly into the open and, making a hasty and pre-digested mouthful of the contentious subject of Dominion status, jump into clamour, open and unashamed, for the complete separation and independence which they have not earned, would certainly not know how to use, and which would almost immediately be their disastrous undoing?

Failing which we are threatened.

With what?

The nimbler minds have invented a polysyllable: "Non-violent non-co-operation"; that leaden obstruction which, to their thinking, is the embodiment of every success obtained by the impassive East against any attempt at the white man to hustle it. *Parturiunt montes, nascitur ridiculus mus.*

But get this much clear: direct action on the part of a Viceroy, a rajah, or an elephant is what appeals to the Eastern mind, a mentality which worships power and loves to watch its display. If only—and it is a very big if—our rulers would realise that the least show of consistent firmness would not only, in a twinkling, abolish rebellion in all its aspects, but would bring India happily, even enthusiastically, back to the governance of the strong man, we would then hear less of the clamours of Congress and the vacillation of Viceroys.

* Anybody who subscribes four annas can be a Congress associate.

Jos. A. Speed

THE STOAT SPRINGING AT A THRUSH: An astounding picture taken by flashlight at approximately 1/2000th of a second. This is reproduced from a shutter-synchronised photograph

Walter E. Higham, F.R.P.S.

THE OPTIMIST: As the Montague harrier sits on her eggs as soon as they are laid, a strange phenomenon in the ornithological world, the young in the nest are of different ages. This remarkable picture shows the Benjamin of the family awaiting his share. This view forms a scene out of Mr. Higham's latest film, "Featherland of the Fens," which has made a distinct sensation

F. W. Bond

BARBARY SHEEP AND YOUNG: Related to the moufflon, the Barbary sheep is covered with coarse hair and not with wool as are all wild sub-species of this genus

W. Thomas

FLIGHT MOVEMENT BY GULLS: A very vivid and graceful treatment of a subject very difficult to obtain with clarity

NATURE *newly studied by* THE CAMERA.

All these camera studies have been on exhibition recently at the Royal Photographic Society and the Professional Photographers' Exhibitions

MIDNIGHT MASS IN PROVENCE: This old-world tradition is still maintained at Baux at Christmas time. In front of the communicating shepherds goes a prize ram specially selected from the flock for its splendour of horn and fleece. The ram is harnessed to a little cart in which is a small white lamb. This is placed before the altar. One of the priors takes the lamb and makes it bend to the Bambino. He then hands the lamb to a shepherdess. At the Elevation of the Host it is traditional to pinch the lamb's tail three times to make it utter three bleats.

A PEASANT BEAUTY CONTEST: Beauty competitions have now spread from film stars to peasant districts of almost every country. A Polish newspaper, after having organised a beauty contest in the large towns of Poland is now holding a contest to find the "Most Beautiful Peasant Girl," and competitions are now being held in all the minor villages. Competitors are seen above seated in the village square waiting to be judged by public vote. Note their picturesque head-dress, which consists of a turban very finely laundered and tied under the chin with large white bows. This striking head-dress is only worn on special occasions

A PROVENÇAL CHRISTMAS.

Midnight Mass in Provence: Beauty Competitions in Poland: The Rhön Wheel in Germany

GERMANY'S NEWEST SPORT: The Rhön wheel is being taken up with zest. The name originates from the district, the Rhön, in Lower Franconia, where the Rhön mountains are situated, where it is the pastime of the peasant girls. The sport is a cross between a swing, a see-saw, and a balancing wheel. They are seen in their picturesque costumes in an old castle courtyard near Bad Neuhaus, prosecuting this latest manifestation of the sporting craze current in Germany

THE WINNER OF THE GONCOURT: M. Marcel Arland, whose book, "L'Ordre," gained him this distinction

AN AMERICAN AUTHOR OF NOTE: Mr. Walter Hackett, whose wife, Miss Marion Lorne, has made notable successes in many of his plays

ENGLAND'S GREATEST CYNIC: Mr. W. Somerset Maugham, who is wintering this year in Egypt

ARNOLD PALMER *writes of* THE CHEAP REPRINT.

During the many months of my conduct of this page, nothing has surprised me more than my failure to keep abreast of cheap reprints. I don't blame myself very severely; I can't, because when I look about me I see no reviewer succeeding where I failed. So it may be granted that the task is impossible, or nearly. Yet I have an obstinate feeling that it is worth undertaking, however difficult. Practically every book one ever wanted, and was unable to read, is now procurable in really charming shape, and at a price —usually three shillings and sixpence—which cannot be considered exorbitant.

There is not much to be said about the uniform editions beyond indicating three or four of them, such as the familiar little green Tchehovs of Messrs. Chatto and Windus; Mr. Secker's pocket edition of the fiction of D. H. Lawrence; the *Grove Edition* of Galsworthy (Messrs. Heinemann); and the new series now in course of issue by the Hogarth Press, of the works of Virginia Woolf. As a publishing feat one of the most interesting of all these editions is the pocket Conrad, for it is the result of co-operation between his various publishers. In this well known series all the volumes are bound in ribbed maroon cloth, and are uniform in shape and size and practically identical in type and page design; yet each is issued by the original publishers of the novel, and each bears his name.

But what I had specially in mind was the mixed collection, such as—well, the examples are many, and almost all are typical. Take for a start, Mr. Knopf's *Borzoi Pocket Books*, the first eighteen volumes of which contain all the short stories of Guy de Maupassant. After that, the series opens out, and includes a Carl van Vechten or two, *Java Head*, and several other Hergesheimers, one or two Paul Morand's, etc. Messrs. Constable's *Miscellany* is a particularly valuable series, in my eyes, for it contains the fiction of Sarah Gertrude Millin and the late Katherine Mansfield, as well as essays, anthologies, and other forms of literature. The outstanding names in Messrs. Duckworth's *New Readers Library* are W. H. Hudson, J. H. Fabre, H. M. Tomlinson, William Gerhardi, Edmund Blunden, and Cunninghame Graham. (The Constable volumes are remarkable for their long, graceful form, the Duckworth books for the sober restfulness of their covers.

The Windmill Library (Heinemann), Mr. Secker's *New Adelphi Library* (to which Thomas Mann's *Death in Venice* has just been added), and Mr. Cape's *Traveller's Library* are three other collections made up of fiction, history, and essays. They comprise a hundred or so of the choicest examples of contemporary literature, and it is futile to select any for mention. Nor can I choose between the three Libraries on the question of form. In each the volumes are perfect examples of the publisher's art, and will, I am confident, bear comparison with cheap publishing anywhere else in the world. The standard of production in these series is so high that it is difficult to avoid the superlatives and the clichés of the clumsy propagandist. But the little books must by their very appearance have given a thrill of pleasure to hundreds of thousands of book lovers, who will support my contention that the especial glory of English publishing at this moment is the three and sixpenny reprint. It is worth noting that the problem of producing an attractive volume at this price has been most successfully solved, *on the whole*, by the publishers whose new books are the most striking and original in form.

There is a great gulf in the publishing profession, on one side of it those publishers whose productions have not changed in appearance for twenty years, on the other side those publishers who are always seeking new designs, new shapes, new refinements. Every reviewer can say, without having to think, to which side of the gulf any given publisher belongs. It is disappointing that so many members of the public seem neither to notice nor be interested in the differences between one book and another. There are people who, although they have never bought or sold a car, would die of shame if they confused a Chrysler with a Vauxhall. Yet these same people, in spite of swallowing two or three novels a week, cannot distinguish between the wares of two publishers, cannot tell good work from shoddy, and are even unable to give, on demand, the names of more than three or four publishers. If I had thought of it earlier, I would have suggested a new round game for Christmas—five minutes in which to make a list of publishers. There are, I suppose, about thirty publishers well-known to everyone, and at least another twenty only slightly less familiar. Yet I fancy that a list of eight firms, correctly given, would usually be good enough to win that game.

It is indeed difficult not to forget. I find I have overlooked a series worthy to rank with those already mentioned—the *Phœnix Library* (Chatto & Windus), which includes almost all of Aldous Huxley, a good deal of Lytton Strachey, some Proust (the Scott-Moncrieff translation), the plays of A. A. Milne, one or two volumes of Arnold Bennett's best work, and other authors no less distinguished. Further, it is certain that, by the time this article has been irrevocably printed, I shall recall other series which only a lunatic would have omitted. Cassell's *Pocket Library*, for instance . . . but I must leave that, for I want to touch on some editions of a slightly different kind.

There are quite a number of cheap books, most of them priced at a shilling, which are not reprints at all. If you belong to that strange class of which I was writing last week, the collecting class, you will know all about Messrs. Benn's *Yellow Books*, little paper-bound booklets in which Mr. D. H. Lawrence and Mr. William Gerhardi have made an occasional first appearance. Some of these, I suppose, have already appreciated considerably in value, and will go on doing so—I speak, of course, of the first editions. Rivalling these are Messrs. Faber and Faber's tracts, the *Criterion Miscellany*. As far as I know, only seven of these pamphlets have appeared, but they include essays by H. M. Tomlinson and H. G. Wells, as well as that engaging debate on the control of Art waged between *Pornography and Obscenity*, by D. H. Lawrence, and *Do We Need a Censor?* by Viscount Brentford (Sir William Joynson-Hicks).

An interesting series that has not attracted as much attention as I expected it to do is *To-day and To-morrow* (Kegan Paul, 2s. 6d. each). Three volumes, many of them the work of very young writers, examine the modern world from every point of view, in the hope of discovering whither it is tending. Perhaps success would have been greater if the points of view had not been so bewilderingly many, if the library had been a little less eclectic, if the examination had been more restricted. There comes a time when even the drowsiest judge must ask himself when the evidence is going to end. But there are some good books in this series, and the list is worth studying. The experiment is, commercially speaking, a bold one, and the publisher is to be congratulated upon having hit on a shape and size and binding which give his little books a character of their own in a very crowded world.

Meanwhile, what may with justice, if not with strict accuracy, be described as the parent series is still going strong. I mean *Everyman's Library*. A proportion of the credit (but not of the abuse) bestowed on the Elementary Education Act of 1870 belongs by right to Mr. Dent's venture —a venture so comprehensive in scope that other publishers of other cheap series are frequently including in their lists works which have long been available in his list, and nowhere else. There is, I suppose, scarcely an intelligent household of all middle-class England which does not possess at least one volume in this series, and even if this guess could be proved to be wide of the mark, I know of no other series of which such a guess could possibly be made. The books in this edition cost only two shillings each, and I have no doubt that it is as popular as ever. But that is a question which is more truly answered by the opinions of readers under twenty-five years of age than by circulation statistics. The young people of to-day ought to have a very shrewd and pretty taste in cheap books.

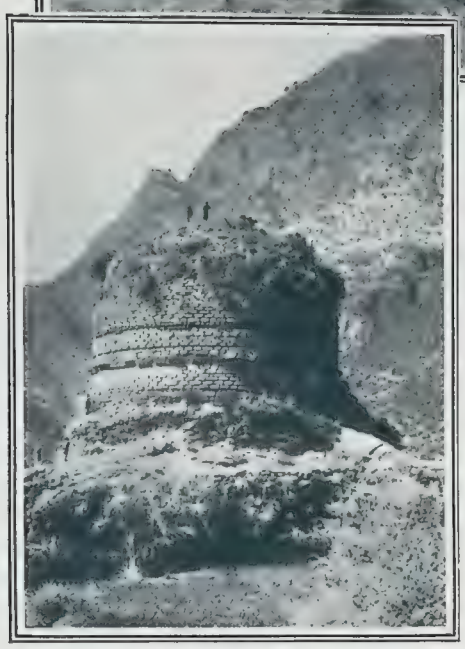
But in spite of the eagerness of our publishers to place the world's masterpieces before us in elegant and inexpensive form, in spite of the ransacking of that world for those masterpieces, one class of author not wholly without credit in our literary history has been overlooked—purposely overlooked I fear. No publisher, so far as I know, has yet made a serious and sustained attempt to discover whether there is a big public for the contemporary poets. No publisher, so far as I know, has even risked cheap editions of thoroughly arrived and established poets like Mr. Kipling or Mr. Yeats, not to mention the Poet Laureate. As for newer and less celebrated poets, their slim volumes are discouragingly dear. Three and sixpence for twenty-five pages of scanty print, bound in blue cardboard; five shillings for fifty-three similar pages, half pages counting each as one; these prices are so ridiculous that it must seem as if I had instanced two exceptional cases. Not at all. I have simply taken the last two volumes of English verse which have come my way. I could have found collections far more disproportionately priced if I had cared to hunt for them.

But is it surprising that there is "no public" for poetry? When one reflects again that the contemporary readers of the poetry of any era are apt to be, on the average, young readers, one realises the importance of selling new poets at easy prices instead of labelling them *articles de luxe*. Mr. Harold Monroe's reasonably charged anthology, *Twentieth Century Poetry*, is a step in the right direction, but we could do with many more of them. At the age of sixteen or seventeen, many youngsters starve if they can't get poetry. They know the *Oxford Book of Verse* backwards. How on earth are they to be nourished, how find the money to pay for even a tiny *bouchée* such as I have described?

On the track of ALEXANDER *with* SIR AUREL STEIN.

Ruined Buddhist Tombs found by the Notable Explorer Sir Aurel Stein, K.C.I.E., on his Voyage to the Indus in the Footsteps of the Macedonian Conqueror

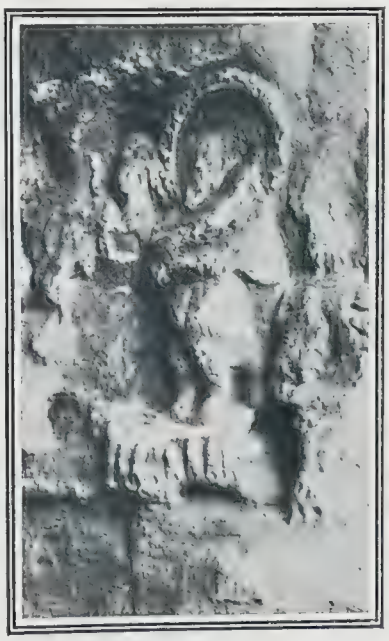
RELICS OF BUDDHA: Stupas *or Relic towers near Bir-Kot.* On left—*A RUINED SHRINE: A Buddhist* stupa



THE FOOTPRINT OF GAUTAMA: A stone on which is a miraculous footprint and a Kharoshthi inscription

ASCRIBED TO KING UTTARASENA: A ruined Buddhist stupa *at Shankardar. In the foreground is a sunken road cut through the outer base of the structure*

That distinguished explorer, Sir Aurel Stein, has just published a book on his archæological investigations in India. This is entitled "On Alexander's Track to the Indus"—a personal narrative of explorations on the North-West Frontier of India. (Macmillan. 21s.). "Alexander's triumphant invasion," writes Sir Aurel in his preface, "passed by indeed, without leaving a trace in Indian literature or tradition." Yet the Hellenistic culture has left its stamp upon the Buddhist sculpture of the heroic days. The great ruins of the small area to the west of the Indus which "Alexander's march of conquest . . . illuminates as it were with the light of a meteor" are those of the stupas, *or Buddhist relic towers, some of which are illustrated above. Of the same general design as Byzantine reliquaries—save that the latter are tiny receptacles that can be held in two hands, or even one, and the former are large buildings—they both are in the form of a domed church. Under the solid mass of the masonry of the* stupas *lie relics of Gautama. Of such thickness are some of these erections that the efforts of marauders, who have despoiled many of the* stupas, *have been as powerless as the remorseless hand of Time to ravish their inviolate and sacred treasure.*



THE IMAGE OF A KING: A figure carved in the living rock in a grotto above a stupa *in Shankardar*

WHERE GAUTAMA WAS WORSHIPPED AS GOD: A ruined shrine at Gumbat, in the Kandag Valley, seen from the south-west. The size of the structure can be appreciated by comparison with the human figure

The OPULENCE of

The Sumptuous Dress of Mediæval Italy

This Elegant wears jewels on breast and brow and the sleeves of his doublet are embroidered on cloth of gold

A portrait of Leonello d'Este in typical embroidered raiment of about 1440. A round, closely-fitting collar encircles the neck. This portrait and the one of Ginevra opposite are by Pisanello

The turban head-dress seen in this distinguished canvas by *LORENZO LOTTI* shows to what fantastic heights the rage for opulence and originality led the Renaissance Upper Ten. In the upper picture *BOLTRAFFIO* is supposed to show Girolamo Casio, the poet. The C.B. device with lovers' knot may refer to the words Casius Bononiensis

A relatively simply-dressed woman, who wears rings on the first finger of each hand. *RAPHAEL* seems to have preferred to paint his sitters in unpretentious clothes, in contrast to many other masters who were attracted by gorgeousness as a cat is attracted by valerian. "La Donna Velata" wears a modest necklace of garnets

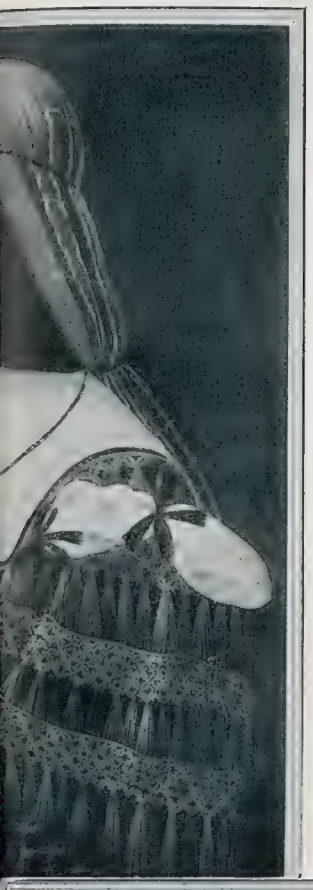
Anderson, Rome

The costume of Tobias in this "Tobias and the Archangel" was that worn by young Florentines of good family out-of-doors in the middle of the fifteenth century. Note the fur-topped boots and the smart hat, and the cloak worn over the ordinary doublet and hose. The work is by *POLLAIUOLLO*

No modern dressmaker can vie with the hand-made magnificence of Renaissance dress. Gold lace, rich brocade, flamboyant velvet, crimsons, blues, and greens of incredibly rich timbre—there was no colour in the painter's palette too brilliant, no material in the couturière's repertoire too opulent to be hung on the human form. A first survey of the

the RENAISSANCE.

vealed in the Exhibition at Burlington House



This Princess of the House of Este was painted half a century before the Renaissance and the painting and fashions correspond to the earlier period. The sprig of juniper is symbolic of her name—Ginevra. On left note the marvellously tasselled gown and the semi-transparent head-dress over the smooth, dark hair

This young man, painted by *GIORGIONE*, wears a quilted silk doublet embroidered in gold thread. Young men in Renaissance Venice often had the badges of their clubs embroidered on their clothes. In this picture there is a cameo-badge, probably of some club or fraternity, painted on the parapet in front. In twentieth-century America jewelled fraternity pins are worn by the young collegiate crowd

This picture was painted by *PIERO DEI FRANCESCHI* about the same time as the two wonderful portraits that are shown on the screen in the Large Gallery. It shows the handsome brocaded robes which men of consequence wore over their doublets in Italy at this period

Anderson, Rome

The fashion of threading pearls in the hair was very popular in Italy at one time. The hair falls in long waved tresses; a shoulder-knot adorns the outer bodice through which a lighter-coloured sleeve appears, a fashion which persisted for a considerable period. The portrait is by *PIERO DE COSIMO*

The flamboyant brocaded doublet worn by this man and his cushion-like head-dress record a striking vagary of Renaissance fashion. The embroidery on the shirt and the decoration of the sword-hilt both have a Moorish character

Renaissance paintings now on exhibition at Burlington House reveal this manifestation of a world-mood in no uncertain manner. Women and men indulge in this desire for the sumptuous to an equal degree. Mr. Wilenski deals with the outward opulence of the Renaissance on the following page.

BY CARPACCIO: *A vivid example of the costumes worn by Venetian courtesans in the time of Carpaccio (1460–1522). The figure (seen above) is wearing the "pattens" or high shoes affected by Venetian women to make themselves appear taller. The sleeves of the dresses are "slashed" to allow the white chemise to show through—a fashion that prevailed at one time all over Europe*

The OPULENCE of the RENAISSANCE

Revealed in the Current Italian Exhibition at Burlington House

By R. H. WILENSKI

No one can tour the walls of Burlington House without being struck by the magnificence of the clothes and jewels worn by the figures that populate the pictures.

In the Dutch Exhibition we saw a sober world in which black was the dominating colour in attire. In this Exhibition it is obvious that the painters were surrounded by people apparelled as the rainbow and with the utmost elaboration.

In the early religious pictures the artists, inspired by their subjects, and by their recollections of the glowing colour in the still earlier mosaic decorations, may be said to have increased the colour of their environment, as it were, out of their heads. The "Primitives," whom we see in the first two galleries, painting saints in Heaven on a gold background, naturally used the purest ultra-marine and the loveliest crimsons to adorn them, and when they show us some saint suffering torture at the hands of an infidel king they naturally point the contrast between the display of the offender and the simplicity of the saint.

But the Renaissance artists who confront us in the central galleries lived in a world that was really of incredible decorative richness. Italy in Renaissance times was covered with small Courts that maintained considerable display. The Duke was for ever assisting at some ceremonial reception, or hunting expedition, or theatrical entertainment; and for all his appearances he was sumptuously attired and surrounded by men and women who followed his lead.

Italy in these days received luxury products from all over Europe. She had furs from Russia, tapestries and textiles from Flanders; and her own goldsmiths and jewellers were widely famous. At a time when labour was cheap the rich spent their money on the most elaborate adornments for their houses and their persons, and many of the most celebrated painters were trained as goldsmiths or jewellers and carried out commissions in these fields as they moved from Court to Court.

The incessant wars between the rival Italian city-states did little or nothing to interfere with the artistic luxury of the Courts. The wars were fought by mercenaries under Condottieri, and the Italian patricians only appeared at staff headquarters in magnificent attire with elaborately chased weapons. The people as a whole were not more oppressed in war than in peace. Renaissance civilisation knew nothing of modern sanitation, of telephones, or wireless, but it would not have tolerated the conscription of the people as a whole to fight a war; and a Condottiere offering his services to Venice or Florence would hold out as an attraction that his soldiers were never oppressive to the peasants in the regions through which they passed. It was not, in fact, till the German mercenaries came into Italy in Charles V's invasion that the Renaissance Italians became acquainted with the horrors of war as later ages were to understand them.

It is the custom in some quarters to regard the Italian Renaissance as a period of moral turpitude camouflaged by embroidered doublets and robes covered with gorgeous patterns of pearls, ribbons, and gold thread; to assume that, because warming water in the bedrooms was unknown that personal cleanliness was non-existent; and that because great freedom of speech was habitual in social intercourse that the arts of elegant entertainment were unknown. In other quarters it is customary to speak of the Italian Renaissance as of some golden age when men passed their time reciting Latin love poems to exquisite ladies and admiring "The Medici Venus" and Botticelli's "Spring."

The truth, of course, is that we cannot arrive at any moral judgment of upper class Renaissance life in Italy because our standards of ethics have completely changed. As Italy was small and there was constant communication between the cities, it is unlikely that the outward civilisation concealed the bestiality and cruelty that marked, say, the rich men's Courts in remote regions of Russia right into the nineteenth century.

We know that Piero di Cosimo and Leonardo da Vinci and many other Italian artists designed theatrical entertainments for their patrons, and we know that tradition has it that a little child who was gilded all over to take part in a *tableau vivant* died as the result. But the fact that such a story exists is proof that ill-treatment of the purveyors of art in Italy in those days was rare, and we can be pretty certain that no Italian patricians would have set whips and instruments of torture on the stage before their private troops of actors to remind them of what awaited them should their performance fail to please—as was done in the eighteenth century by certain Russian nobles.

As I read the evidence, which includes the Renaissance pictures, Italian luxury at the time was the product of real refinement and a real love of artistic skill in all its manifestations. The women spent hours adorning their persons; they plucked their eyebrows, whitened their necks, rouged the lobes of their ears, the interior of their nostrils, their lips, and their cheeks; if they had luxuriant hair they spent whole days on their private balconies bleaching it to a Venetian goldness in the sun; if their hair was scanty they supplied the deficiency with false hair made of natural hair or silk. And they asked their *fouraisseurs* to take similar pains with productions for their use. The dressmaker was to "slash" the dress in a dozen places that the white chemise could show through, and then to tie up the "slashes" with bows of ribbon or chains of pearls; and she was to apply to the material a thousand tassels of gold thread; the jeweller was to design necklaces and hair ornaments of pearls, and both were to take their time and name their own price.

The men were almost equally magnificent in their attire. The young man portrayed in the haunting Giorgione picture from Buda Pesth wears a doublet of quilted silk with gold embroidery. The youth by Boltraffio in the picture lent by the Duke of Devonshire has jewels on his breast and brow, and his doublet is patterned on cloth of gold; and the majestic pattern of the man portrayed by Romanino is made of the same sumptuous material.

It was, of course, above all in Venice that the Renaissance splendour of apparel was most conspicuous. Venetian magnificence was on a scale that began by rivalling and ended by surpassing the scale of the magnificence of Papal Rome. As the radiant Venetian Palaces arose, as decorations were added to the Palazzo Ducale, as more and more pageants took place on the Grand Canal and St. Mark's Square, the attire and luxury of the Venetian patricians continually increased. The opulent apparel of the Venetian ladies was imitated by the fashionable courtesans; and foreign visitors to Venice protested that princesses in their own lands had no such jewels or clothes.

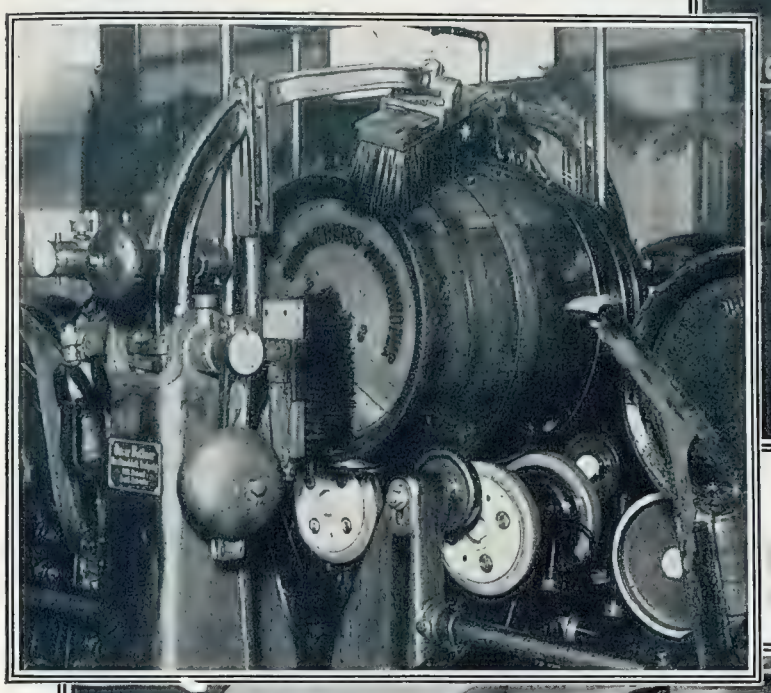
All aspects of Italian Renaissance magnificence are reflected in the Burlington House pictures where we have Titian's "La Bella," Carpaccio's "Two Courtesans" who are wearing the Venetian high shoes or "pattens," and Lorenzo Lotto's tremendously dressed-up lady who has a round head-dress all over ribbons, a necklace of six twisted rows of pearls, and rings on every finger of her hands. From the point of view of costume alone the Exhibition is, in fact, a mine of information and delight.

BY GHIRLANDAIO: *This wonderful portrait of Giovanna Tornabuoni shows the subject in a tunic of gold brocade over a dark red dress with slashed sleeves. A pearl and ruby pendant hangs from her neck. In the background a pearled and jewelled ornament stands in the shelved niche*

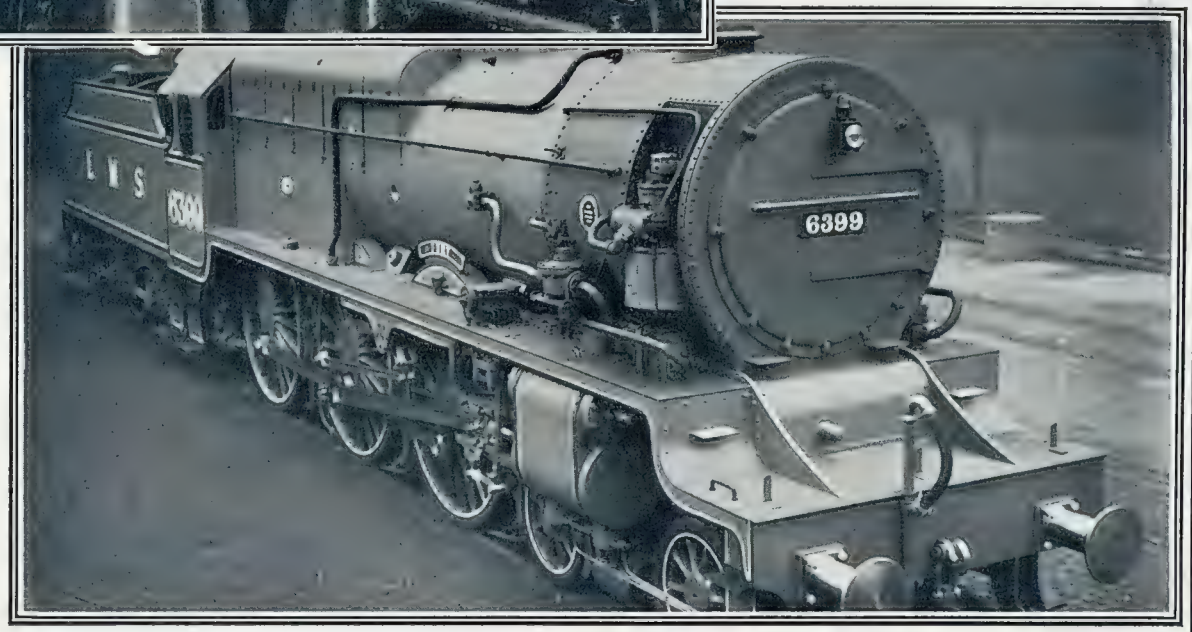
STEEL *and* STONE

Marvels of Modern Mechanics.

A Brewer's Device in Berlin: A Telephone Recorder: A Great New L.M.S. Locomotive: Southampton's New Quay: Stettin's New Clock Tower

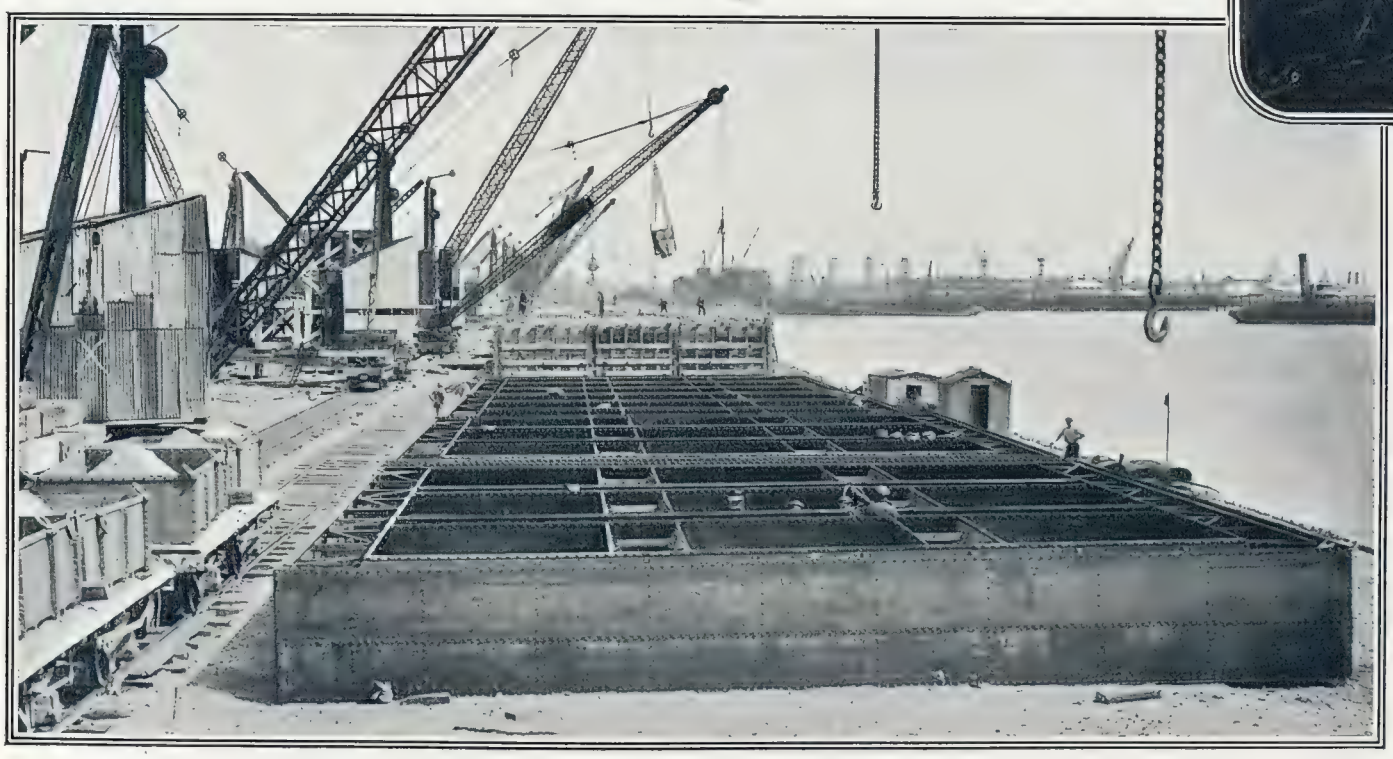


"TO BE USED IN EVIDENCE AGAINST YOU": Dr. Curt Stille of Germany with his invention called the Ecophon, which takes down every word spoken into the telephone. On left: *BERLIN'S BETTER BEER: An automatic machine which can "clean" 240 barrels an hour*



A GREYHOUND OF THE STEEL TRACK: A gigantic new L.M.S. railway locomotive which works at the world's highest steam pressure of 900 lb. per square inch. It is fitted with three boilers and uses its steam twice over. This mighty engine bids fair to add fresh laurels to Britain's speed supremacy

THE CLOCK-TOWER OF THE SEA: The somewhat primitive "time-advisers" in the ports of Stettin and Swinemunde, Germany, which only flashed at high noon to ships have been replaced by a modern electrical light tower which indicates the exact time by light signals four times within twenty-four hours, viz., midnight, 6 a.m. noon, and 6 p.m.



1,000 FT. OF DEEP WATER QUAY: It is expected that the first 1,000 ft. of deep water quay for the new dock extension at Southampton will be completed, with cranes, railway, and passenger sheds in position, by the early months of 1931. The giant monolith shoes shown above are already in position

GILBERT *and* SULL

Series III of "The Sphere's" Speci

"FOR HE LOVES LITTLE BUTTERCUP": Mr. Leo Sheffield in his ultimate condition as a common sailor, and Miss Bertha Lewis as the bumboat woman.
On right: *"I AM THE CAPTAIN OF THE* PINAFORE*": Mr. Leo Sheffield resplendent in the attire of Captain Corcoran in the first part of the Opera*

"NONE SAVE I ON THE CLIFF SO HIGH": Mr. Charles Goulding explains to Mr. Martyn Green his method of extricating himself from an undesirable engagement. This consists of taking his bundle to the edge of a high cliff, bidding farewell to earth, and—walking away in the opposite direction! Cox is so overcome at the mock melodrama which leads up to the anti-climax that he falls on his knees. It is subsequently discovered that Cox has become entangled with the lady of whom Box has debarrassed himself

"I'LL GO TO LAW"—"SO WILL I!": Messrs. Cox and Box quarrel as to which shall inherit the fortune of the still-living Penelope Ann

"WHO ARE YOU, SIR?"—"WHAT'S THAT TO YOU, SIR?": Mr. Charles Goulding (Box) and Mr. Martyn Green (Cox) meet for the first time in the room common to them both to their mutual fury, but to their ultimate discovery they are long lost brothers

"TO-MORROW MORN OUR [illegible] PLIGHTED": Sir Joseph, finding his inte[illegible] lower middle-class as a captain's daughter, h[illegible] mon sailor, yields to the importunity of his a[illegible] sisters and cousins whom he reckons up by de[illegible] and Miss Marjorie Eyre in the finale. Mr. D[illegible] rig is seen behind Sir Jose[illegible]

IVAN OPERA CROWDS *the* SAVOY.

Taken Savoyard Pictures Treat of "H.M.S. 'Pinafore'" and "Box and Cox"

THE GRAND FINALE ON H.M.S. PINAFORE:

"I'm the monarch of the sea,
And when I've married thee
I'll be true to the devotion that my love implants
(And good-bye to his sisters and his cousins and his aunts)."

Sir Joseph Porter is now paired happily (more or less) with his cousin Hebe; Corcoran is to be married to Buttercup, and Rackstraw and Josephine are to complete the triple wedding. ***From left to right, front row:*** *Miss Lewis, Mr. Sheffield, Miss Eyre, Mr. Lytton, Miss Melville, Mr. Oldham, and Mr. Darrel Fancourt as Dick Deadeye*

HALL ALL BE
de is not merely so
e daughter of a com-
ebe — one of those
r. Henry H. Lytton
ldham in his captain's
e right

"OH BLISS, OH RAPTURE!" Mr. Derek Oldham and Miss Winnie Melville as Josephine and Rackstraw, after Sir Joseph has decided that, while love levels all ranks, it does not level them sufficiently to admit of his marrying the daughter of a plain A.B. He therefore gives her into the charge of Rackstraw, who has loved her and whom she has loved throughout the play, to their mutual delight. In private life Miss Melville is Mrs. Oldham

All these pictures have been specially photographed for "The Sphere" on the stage of the New Savoy, by kind permission of Mr. Rupert D'Oyly Carte

"Never mind the why and wherefore,
Love can level ranks, and therefore
Though his lordship's station's mighty,
Though stupendous be his brain,
Though your tastes are mean and flighty
And your fortune poor and plain,
Ring the merry bells on board-ship,
Rend the air with warbling wild,
For the wedding of his lordship
With a humble captain's child."

Marcus Adams
A NEPHEW OF THE DUKE OF RUTLAND: *Jeremy, youngest son of Captain Guy and Lady Violet Benson*

PEERAGES *for* WOMEN.

—the emergence of woman as an equal of man brings with it the right to honours hitherto reserved to men

by auriol barran

Why not peerages for women? They have been knighted, or the equivalent. I am thinking of that title of "Dame," which always seems to me a rather enigmatic designation.

Why not "Lady"? A Dame is, one always understood, the wife of a knight; but then, why don't knights call themselves "knights" instead of "Sir"? To me "Dame" is an absurd and ridiculous title, and if it had been bestowed on me in recognition of invaluable service to the State; I would consider it a mark of derogation or derision rather than an honour. I sympathise with those women who have intimated that they would rather not receive it.

But to revert to my suggestion of peerages for women. During the past decade a great number of new peers have been created—in the realms of industry, finance, the law, politics, the army, and navy—in peace and war time. Women have not yet become sailors and soldiers; I don't mean to imply that they ever will (though instances of women fighting in the ranks as soldiers have occurred), yet many hold an excellent war record. Some were actually under shell-fire. Nurses in hospitals in the immediate War zone. Drivers of ambulances and others who out of their private incomes furnished field or base hospitals before the official Red Cross units had become properly organised.

But perhaps even more deserving is the matron of a big London hospital, "the sister of the ward," and the army of nurses, who, silently, daily, plod along their long routine of hours and duties for a miserable wage which would not satisfy the average domestic servant.

We are all proud of Florence Nightingale, and regard her rather in the light of a national heroine. If Florence Nightingale had been a man she would have been made a Peer! Those were Victorian days you may say, yet, isn't it safe to conjecture that a modern Florence Nightingale would only receive the order of "Dame"? And what of Elizabeth Fry, to whom we owe our prison reforms.

There were many Florence Nightingales in the last War, perhaps too many for each one to be individually noticed, *yet those who figured in the limelight did not receive the honours which would have been conferred on a man in similar circumstances.* And there were probably many women who deserved the Victoria Cross (who does not remember the services rendered by Sister Agnes in the South African and the late Wars.

Then there are women who, like Madame Curie, have done valuable work in the scientific world. Others who slave indefatigably in the cause of charity. (I have in mind the little "Grey Sisters" who do so much for our crowded slums.) On every rung of the social ladder there are members of our sex who give their time and energy, their health and money, to help the poor.

Deserving of a peerage is Miss Maud Royden, the preacher, whose bright, happy sermons and helpful advice draw crowds of eager listeners, and whose good work and cheerful personality have been of inestimable service to innumerable people.

Now come to these intrepid women-pioneers. Women who can be favourably compared to explorers like Stanley and Livingstone. Women who, to-day, if they had been men, would have received the highest honours. I think Lady Bailey deserves a peerage of her own for accomplishing a breathless exploit. What an ovation Lindbergh got for flying the Atlantic! But Lady Bailey flew over part of the vast continent of Africa, over territory where—I think I am right in saying—no white man had penetrated, and where a forced landing would have spelt certain death. It is an adventure which reads like an episode in Jules Verne.

Then there is the Duchess of Bedford also, Lady Drummond-Hay, first woman to cross the Atlantic in a Zeppelin, the only woman passenger. Her journalistic record too, is one any man might be proud of.

Women will always be, physically, the weaker sex, but they have shown, in spite of many handicaps, that they can play their part for the State as well as men. Why should they not be worthy of the same recognition? Battling ever against disadvantages, surely they are deserving of even higher honours. They have even to overcome that prehistoric prejudice that proclaims a woman the loser of her femininity, and a bad wife and mother if she will not remain by the fireside for ever.

Men no longer have the monopoly of public—even world—service, yet they seem anxious to retain the monopoly of its adequate recognition for as long as they can. Perhaps there is something to be said for the pre-War suffragettes, though their methods *were* violent.

If it had not been for the War, women would still be struggling even for opportunity. Now of course recognition too is bound to come.

the WORLD

..a complete weekly sectio
a variety of interest

The GERMAN WOMAN

by joan woollcombe

FRÄULEIN LUCIE HÖFLICH: *A distinguished Reinhardt actress, of the Sybil Thorndike type, portrayed by Fraulein Milly Steger*

This began in a very pleasant and rather unprofessional way! She walked into my study one day following a letter by which she had introduced herself as a German journalist interested in art, Doktor Elfriede J——, who very much wanted to find out a whole quantity of things about England of to-day.

It goes almost without saying that she should give the lie in her appearance to the usual cartoon-idea of the "blue-stocking" of Teutonic origin; it goes also without saying that she should address me in almost flawless and very fluent English when this, as I subsequently learned, was her first visit to London.

. . .

As what she herself calls the typical "university type" the career of Dr. J—— is interesting; before the War she studied strenuously languages and history; from 1914–18 in her own words to me "I thought . . . one would not be able to live through such a horrible, uncultured thing." Immediately it was over, although she and her people were practically penniless after the inflation, she and a friend went to Spain with the money they still possessed and by dint of hard work were able to keep themselves and continue their studies. After that Italy, then France, and finally, London.

The visit to England was justified, for on her return to Berlin, Dr. J—— finds that her readers are all agog for information as to the art, the science, and the domestic life of English-women.

It was, perhaps, inevitable, before we parted that, in reply to all her questions I should ask her this one: "What about the chances of world-peace?" and should get the reply, "*When the women of our nations learn to know each other the chances of war are halved.*"

FRAU DOKTOR HELLMER: *The sister of this lady, whose portrait has been painted by Fraulein Julie Wolfthorn, is the daughter-in-law of Sir Edwin Lutyens*

"PORTRAIT OF A LADY": *The quintessential Society type of modern Germany—a lady of leisure—painted with considerable insight by Fraulein Lilja Busse*

"What are the post-War German women like, then?"

And her answer, or part of it, is this collection and description of modern German women.

. . .

It is just ten years since the German people, men and women, made their experiment of Republican Government; the little girl of the War-era, aged nine or ten, is now the graduate of twenty; the young wife of those immediate post-War days, of the blockade time, is the mature woman of thirty.

The war between the sexes (of which here we are constantly being reminded) is much more of a back-number in the New Germany. From fourteen onwards girls and boys alike have generally some formed opinion as to their ideas (and ideals . . .) for the future. Possibly as a result of this earlier maturity, these young people are very independent. They have their own clubs, their social, political, and their moral opinions; as an example of this it is very interesting to remember that at a recent

# of WOMEN

[edited by diana bourbon]

incorporating

for women readers..

DOKTOR MARIE LOUISE KOLLISCH: *The typical woman scientist and University product, rendered in Marble by Fraulein Frizda Winkelmann*

of TO-DAY.

—glimpses of the women who are making the new Germany in 1930

studying social and industrial science. Women are admitted to the Exchange, and are not at all unsuccessful!

Domestic work is not by any means the Cinderella of occupations; the German housewife retains her flair for economy with success in management, aided and abetted by far cheaper and more easily obtained modern machinery than in England.

As for dress! Our colleagues across the North Sea seem to favour the American style, are usually frugal, as they needs must be, but dress well as a general rule.

. . . .

Timely and intensely interesting, therefore, to look at is the representative array of these "opposite numbers" of ours across the North Sea as they are presented to us by their fellow women in the amazingly illuminating exhibition of the Berlin Women Artists' Association, which is just finishing now in Berlin. Six of the moderns by moderns are shown on this page. "Die Frau von Heute" is the title of the exhibition, and if it shows "the woman of to-day" it is also *by* the woman of to-day.

It is significant that a prominent male critic is moved to remark that this show is just as good as any good exhibition of men's art.

. . . .

One is apt—perhaps because of the dark years during and after the War—to forget that there is a social life and a social graciousness in Germany as well as England, America, and France. But it is also as well to remember that the Germany of post-War times has a generation of younger women very like ourselves growing up with whom we should do well for the peace of the world to "be friends!"

FRAU DOKTOR J——: *"Le type sportif" of Germany — the Teutonic counterpart of the county woman of the English shires, painted by Fraulein Fanny Remak*

meeting of the younger section of the International Women's Congress, the "younger generation" of women severely reprimanded their elders for their attitude of implied antagonism towards their colleagues of the other sex, and for failing to realise that comradeship had come with a change of the times!

These are the women of the immediate to-morrow, eager in study and sport and intensely self-reliant, full of enthusiasm on the one side and also full of *neue sachlichkeit* (matter-of-fact-ness)—bereft, perhaps, of respect for the generations before them, but also ready enough to shoulder their responsibilities.

It is extremely interesting to see the professions that our "opposite numbers" in Germany are taking up, and taking up on equal terms with men. This is all a post-War development—since before 1914 only medicine and teaching were really open to women. There are now, in the new Germany, twenty-four times as many women pharmacists as before 1914, twenty times as many dentists, twelve times as many (Protestant) theologians, and seven times as many women

FRAULEIN ELEONORE KALKOWSKA: *A playwright of considerable merit, whose work has a touch of the* macabre, *painted by Fraulein Kathe Munzer Neumann*

Marcus Adams

PRINCE PAUL ILYINSKY: *The son of H.I.H. the Grand Duke Dmitri of Russia and the Princess Ilyinsky*

WE'VE ALL *got* A KINK.

—there is no one who has not in some form an unreasoning and unreasonable prejudice amounting to mania

by margery lawrence

I wonder how many of us are free from that curious touch of lunacy—as I think it must surely be—the possession of a "kink," a secret and inexplicable dislike or horror of something? There are many gradations of it, ranging from mere faint distaste to a positive terror that amounts to mania. I have met few people who would not admit to some definite dislike or fear of *some one* thing—and these things as curious and unexpected as they were different!

The "kinks" of the great are well-known—Lord Roberts's horror of cats is shared by many people, and there are others who have an anti-mouse or anti-spider complex. Snakes are the *bête noire* of countless individuals, and creepy-crawlies (even those out of crackers!) have been known to prove disastrous to picnics or parties. The Great Lexicographer was, upon fundamentals, one of the sanest of men; but his eccentricities of conduct are too well-known to need recapitulation. Among the artistic, of course, the eccentricities of genius have passed into a proverb, from the red silk dressing-gown which was apparently indispensable, to the successful inspiration of Richard Wagner to the numberless fetishes, amulets, and lucky charms of a thousand nameless actors, painters, poets, musicians, gamblers, and even criminals.

But there are countless obscure "dislikes" that seem quite unaccountable. I know two men who cannot endure the company of anyone with red hair, even going so far, in one case, as to refuse to meet a son's fiancée because she was red-haired, to the intense mortification and distress of both the young people! Yet the father assured me, with tears in his eyes, that he had in no sense any personal antipathy to the girl—on the other hand he liked her immensely! The truth was that red hair, whether human or animal (for example a red setter, or a red cow, had the same effect) affected him in some subtle and curious way, so that he felt quite faint and ill. I am sure that his statement was correct, since once subsequently I paused to talk to him, wearing a coat trimmed with red fox, and he turned white and all but fainted where he stood.

I have heard of another case of a man who could not endure the "feel" of ivory or bone. . . . I wonder whether, in this case, he had some curious ultra-sensitive dislike to handling a thing that had once been part of a living creature? People who cannot bear the smell of a horse are common, but I know one or two women who cannot bear to touch any fur or stroke an animal. Being a lover of dogs, one of them has got over the difficulty by buying a Mexican hairless terrier.

Personally, I find my greatest bugbears are pallid colours. I feel physically chilled and depressed in a grey or pale-blue dress or room so decorated, and cannot wear white except under brilliant sunshine, which seems to warm it up in some subtle fashion.

Then there are more curious kinks still that one hears of by side-winds: kinks that seem mad. Yet when the possessor of the kink is otherwise entirely normal, how is one to call him mad? I know an old peer who, every moonlight night, insists on spending the night walking about his grounds, halting at about ten-minute intervals and firing a pistol solemnly into the air. Nobody knows why, and he refuses to discuss it—but it only happens at the full moon! The influence our satellite exerts upon certain people is undeniable—and these people are by no means lunatics or, in the fine old phrase, moonstruck. The power of the "blonde Phœbe" upon those in love does not bear mentioning! It makes them even more unfit for any companionship, other than their own, than any other elemental or climatic manifestation! I have heard of a man who simply cannot resist trailing his stick along a row of railings; of another whose peculiar passion for eating mustard with oysters is the despair of his hostesses; and yet another who declares in all sincerity that he cannot sleep in a room without purple curtains to the windows—a taste that comes a little expensive when travelling.

One could enlarge the list endlessly, but it would serve no purpose. Yet all I have said seems to me to prove that man is a most curious and inexplicable creature, and the border line between sanity and mania (especially that type of *idée fixe* that reads into any casual occurrence a proof of its own particular theory from British Israelitism to Numeralogy) is a very thin one. We are very far indeed yet from comprehending Man. When we do, perhaps we shall find that man truly mad is a good deal happier than man sane and burdened with responsibilities. There are times when one finds it in one's heart to envy Loving Mad Tom, with his "burning spear and his horse of air, a knight of ghosts and shadows . . ."

THE WORLD OF WOMEN SECTION—cont.

THE DINING-TABLE IN DETAIL: *Its charming glass appointments and the lamps are designed by Herr Lobmeyr. The chairs are of cream velvet; the table, mahogany—a wood out of fashion but very effective*

TWO ROOMS BUILT FOR TWO

—a newly-designed luxury flat in vienna

by harriet dickson

The ability to make the best of both worlds is a gift from the gods in any walk of life, and when the interior designer succeeds in uniting the atmosphere of the baronial mansion with practical modernity, while still remaining restful and artistic, he must be credited with an achievement of unusual interest.

Under the title of "Two Rooms for Two," Professor Wimmer of Vienna has been showing some very up-to-date ideas in the furnishing of the dining-room and rest-room which make up this bijou residence. His scheme insists upon the use of the same materials, the same colouring for both rooms, in this case mahogany panelling and rose velvet hangings. The idea of size, and more particularly height, receives an added blessing from the all-one plan, the rooms appearing spacious while being neither larger nor smaller than most of those found in the new houses.

Now it is certainly not new to have panelled walls, but it is rather novel to take reddish-tinted mahogany, a wood decidedly out of fashion, and to encase not only the walls but the ceiling with a succession of large squares and rectangles. The panels reach from the floor without a break. They are irregularly placed and are of unequal sizes. The effect of this irregular arrangement is to show up the varying tones of the wood and to help also to accent the light and dark shadows on the polished surface, especially when the light strikes the panelling. Such is the background. Detail continues to be equally harmonious.

In the dining-room the south wall is entirely window, but as the window opens into a winter garden it seems to include the latter with the dining-room proper, almost as if this decorative living part of the design were not a separate entity. The window itself is distinctive. It resembles the walls in that an irregular combination of geometrical figures, carried out in transparent and white opaque glass, is held together by a broad black and metal casing. The glasshouse plants are thus partially visible (the only colour apart from red which is allowed), and sunlight penetrates as it were at second hand.

The colour of the carpet and the hangings—rose with a touch of yellow in the dye—matches exactly. The carpet is a perfectly plain pile with no suggestion of pattern. Likewise the hangings. And if the sunlight which reaches this dining-room is robbed of its brilliancy, so too is the artificial lighting intentionally subdued, to bring out the richness of the mahogany and the warm glow of the velvet. And the means? There are four lights arranged two and two, suspended from the ceiling by a slender metal chain but not placed in the middle of the room. The bulbs shine through double glass, rather thick and fluted.

THE BEDROOM: *This is done entirely in cream. A detail of the lounge is also seen furnished with a Futurist rug*

The furniture—the work of Herr Ungethüm—is limited to essentials, albeit luxurious in conception. A table, two chairs, and two only (seeing the superscription stipulates for two), likewise two low serving tables and a sideboard built into a recess. The wood again is mahogany.

The dinner-table appointments fit into the scheme, and the designing of these offered Herr Lobmeyr, the famous Viennese glass artist, an opportunity for originality.

Entrance to the lounge is by way of a curtain which runs the whole length of both rooms. Here again the furniture is limited. A comfortable couch and two arm-chairs upholstered in cream velvet, two occasional tables each with a reading lamp, in addition to the suspended lighting already mentioned in the dining-room.

This rest room, however, is lounge and bedroom in one, and curtains do duty again. But in the bedroom there is nothing except the beds. Here the colour scheme is cream.

THE DIN FOR YOUR

by bernard hughes

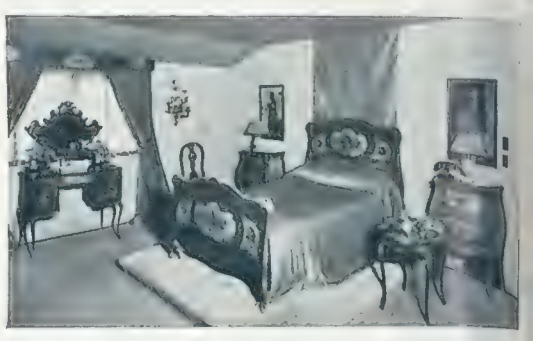
The dining room is so unquestionably one of the most important rooms in the present-day house that it is interesting to learn that *it did not come into existence until the time of the Stuarts.* No other room in the house is such an indication of the march of civilisation. There was always a kitchen, ever since the day when man discovered the virtue of cooking food. There was always a bedroom in which to seek rest; and a room which corresponds to our living room in which family and guests assembled. But the dining-room came into existence only when the social graces of life had come to assume nearly as much importance as life itself; when man considered it important not only to consume food, but to consume it gracefully and in attractive surroundings.

The earliest table was known as a "table bord." It was exactly what its name implies—a long board set upon trestles, on which the food and dishes were placed. When the meal was finished the board was removed and the trestles taken away.

But as living became a little complex, we can imagine the housewife tiring of the trestles being set up and a rough board laid upon them—she probably demanded to know why the board could not be attached to the trestle and left where it was instead of being removed after each meal. So it was attached; and the "trestle table" was the next step.

It was the trestle table along one side of which gathered the family, the retainers, the guests, and the "poor relations" of the great nobles of the Middle Ages. There was no dining-room, of course, so the trestle table was set up in the great hall. Servants ran miles every day from the kitchen to the great hall in an endeavour to have the dishes still hot when they reached the table!

The Middle Ages were the days when man lived to eat, instead of eating to live; the days of a whole ox roasted for a single meal; when the tables literally "groaned" with food and drink. Food was consumed with the fingers, from a common dish, and wine was drunk from drinking horns. The lords and ladies of high degree served themselves first. The dishes then went down the table until the humblest had eaten his fill. The servants came next, all eating out of the same dishes; and when all were satisfied the baying of the great dogs ceased as the dishes were finally put before them. In the galleries round the hall musicians played during the meal. Perhaps a wandering minstrel who had eaten his fill at the board entertained the company with his



A BEDROOM DE LUXE: *Miss Lilyan Tashman's room in her charming Californian home. In private life she is Mrs. Edmund Lowe of film fame*

THE PROPER OF THE

by ann drew

As the fire-place is almost inevitably the focus of any room (except the dining-room, which focusses on the table!), what you do with it is a matter of much interior decorative significance. The abolition of bilious yellow tiles under a coat of washable water-paint (did you know that tiles would take paint perfectly easily and that if you use the kind specified it will neither crack nor scorch?); the expenditure of a few pounds on the tearing out of an ugly Victorian hearth and the substitution of a scientifically designed, low-lying modern one; the abolition of an overmantel and choice of a few artistic and colourful treasures on the remaining shelf . . . these things are enough to change the whole character of a room. Every one of them is a transformation I myself have witnessed in the houses of my friends. And the first two made not only habitable, but charming, rooms that in their original state were so hideous that the normal house-hunter would have been tempted to dismiss the whole dwelling at once as frankly impossible!

The most unusual—and in many ways the most interesting—fire-place treatment I have ever seen was frankly modern. Its decorative quality was undeniable, and it had many practical features never found in the ordinary variety. This fire-place, then, was built *crosswise*, across one of the inside corners of the room. (Always avoid an outside wall for the fire-place, as otherwise you are obviously wasting heat.) The whole room immediately assumed a most attractive appearance. Grouping of easy-chairs, sofa, and all the usual accessories of the winter-evenings-round-the-fire along the two walls radiating out from this focal point was both easier and more symmetrical than such arrangements in squares branching from a straight line. One corner was already disposed of. Furthermore the heat radiated much better from a corner than from the centre of a wall. In the latter case whatever else is warm, the two corners adjacent to the fire-place wall are not. In the former no nook or cranny is left out in the cold.

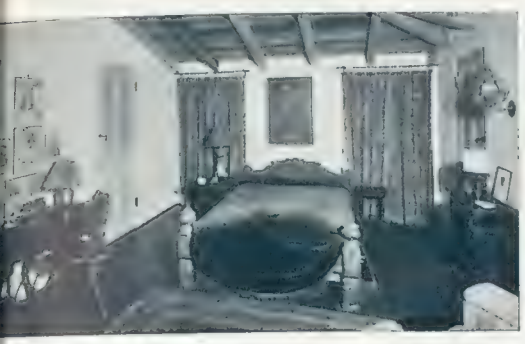
THE INGLENOOK: *A beautiful reproduction of an antique style executed by W. H. Gaze and Sons, Ltd. The seats with their squab cushions are in reality coal and log-boxes, a space-saver of merit in these days of small rooms*

NG-ROOM IEW HOME

dy in historical development

songs of chivalry and love. Perhaps young gallants and fair damsels stepped a measure, or perhaps the company sat breathless while a poet spoke his verse.

But as man emerged into greater elegance the trestle board in the great hall became a thing of the past. There was still no dining-room, but meals were served in the ante-rooms of the great houses, with the same running



LUXURY IN BEVERLEY HILLS: *The charming room of Mr. Edmund Lowe, whose wife is known as Lilyan Tashman. Both are well known in Hollywood*

backwards and forwards of servants. It was not until the eighteenth century that the dining-room became a definite part of the house, for never in the history of the world has entertaining been done on a more lavish scale.

For the family meals were still served by setting up a table in an ante-room, and removing it when the meal was finished. But for the great dinners which were given a special room was set apart—a large apartment with panelled walls, refectory table, many mirrors, beautifully decorated fire-places and crystal chandeliers in which glowed hundreds of candles, the light from which fell on silks and satins and laces, on powdered heads, on fabulous jewels, and on a table loaded with priceless silver and gold, porcelains and fragile laces.

Then in France came the Revolution. The great dining-rooms with their silver and gold were looted by the mob. A few years later Napoleon's star rose, and once again life assumed elegance and extravagance and a certain grace for those in the seats of the mighty. State dining-rooms were used once more. In the homes of the bourgeoisie the family dining-room had come into being. It assumed great dignity and importance during the Victorian era, and not a little heaviness in its furniture and decoration!

All of us who are grown-up will remember the dining-rooms of our grandmothers where the family gathered at Christmas. Remember the horrible table of oak or walnut; the enormous sideboard on which all the family silver was displayed, to the eternal sorrow of the servant whose job it was to keep it clean; the heavy, not too comfortable chairs; the rich—too rich—air-excluding curtains; the sombre carpets; the "still lifes" on the walls ("dining-room" pictures they were called); and the crowning horror—the gas chandelier in the middle of the ceiling.

But to-day we seem to have arrived at the happy medium in dining-rooms. Most of them contain comfortable reproduction furniture of bygone periods, or graceful modernist productions, all delightful in their own fashion.

TREATMENT IRE-PLACE

v to effect a transformation!

Perhaps the jolliest of all fire-places, though (especially for a living-room) is the old-fashioned inglenook, whether it be genuine or reproduction like the daze creation illustrated. Seating accommodation—and comfortable seating accommodation—can always be contrived for at least two actually within the ingle. Ideal for toasting one's toes—or the muffins—this bitter weather. (In the case illustrated these seats, with their squab cushions, are really the coal and log boxes, so that no space is wasted.) Besides, the wide ingle always lends itself pleasantly to the four-square sofa arrangement that is so comfortable in our damp climate and draughty houses.

Old-fashioned fire-places of other sorts too are delightful for the collector of antique furniture. To buy whole—though of course it is possible to pick them up at country sales, or when old buildings are pulled down—they are almost prohibitively expensive. But beauties, authentic in every detail, can be assembled from pieces of old wood. I am thinking of one in particular which graces a Jacobean room of my acquaintance. The whole fire-place surround, mantel and mantelshelf, are made from bits of old panelling picked up at odd times. Some of the panels are carved quite beautifully — though no two are alike (not a serious drawback). But the special and most ingenious feature is that two old bedposts, Jacobean twisted, form the mantel supports!

Among modern fire treatments, an interesting one, particularly for a small and low room, does away with a mantel-shelf altogether. The fire-place is simply flat tiled in some light colour. A flat framed picture hung directly over the tiling helps to conceal the mantel-lessness of the room. Or on occasion the tiling is run up nearly to the dado. In this case of course it must exactly match the wall scheme of the room.

Another pleasing design is being much executed in these low, modern fires with their under-draughts, draught-regulators, coal-saving arrangement, and necessity for ash removal once a week or so only.

A GLORY OF ADAM: *A detail of a magnificent eighteenth-century chimney-piece executed in marble—black and white. This imposing "focus of the room" comes from the glorious collection of Bratt Colbran and Co., Ltd.*

"MONDAY EVENING": *A four-fold lacquer screen of great decorative value designed and executed by Miss Helen Maitland Radford, who has realised the latent possibilities in this very charming type of furniture*

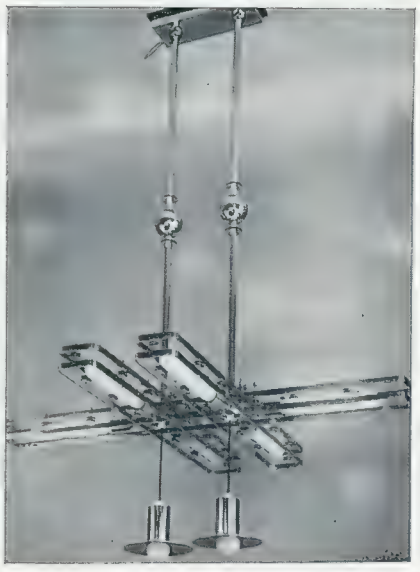
POSSIBILITIES OF THE SCREEN

—or how to change the character of your room

by doris waite

When I was a child the only generally recognised screen was something (usually covered with brightly coloured representations of Red Riding Hood and the Three Bears) which kept out the draughts from the nursery door.

Possibly downstairs in the drawing-room there was another superior specimen performing the same utilitarian service; but that was all. And the idea of a screen being something definitely attractive in itself hardly existed. Now things are very different. We have begun to realise the screen not merely as an adjunct, but as an actual part (and a very important one too) of modern room decoration.



THE LIGHT FOR THE ONE-ROOMED FLAT: *The various lights give various intensities in different directions*

In many of the most modern houses, particularly in the country or at the seaside, the *pièce de resistance* is simply one very large living-room with several windows.

Here at one end you will have your open fire-place, your big comfortable arm-chairs, divans, etc., while at the other is the long dining-table with its attendant dresser and chairs. What is more simple and more practical than to break up your room as you will by the aid of a couple of screens?

Even if you do not intend both to live and eat in one room, you may often desire to make it smaller for the time being; or in the case of a large studio, to shut in a certain cosy corner where you can gather round the fire-place on the cold afternoons, and what else will serve your purpose half so well or look as nice as a really original screen?

For one thing, its mobility is greatly in favour. There is no need of a lath and plaster partition, you may have it here to-day and in quite a different place to-morrow, all without any extra trouble or expense.

One of the most delightfully quaint screens I ever saw, was used to close in the corner of a living-room to form a library. It was low and eight-leaved, made in plain cream-coloured parchment (which can be bought already prepared), covered by its clever owner with a collection of old oddly-coloured maps, carefully pasted on and then glazed down.

Another charming example that I know well was made on a foundation of brown paper out of a collection of old London prints, and gives the most charming effect.

Yet one more screen, which I helped to make myself! It was used to screen off a dressing-table in a big bed-sitting-room, had a background of white glazed chintz, on which we pasted large masses of purple iris and blue delphiniums (previously cut out from about three yards of printed cretonne!), and was finally glazed over very evenly and smoothly.

Of course if you want really lovely old screens you should see some of the wonderful Chinese specimens, one of which seems to furnish a whole room and make everything else quite unnecessary. These lacquer and embroidery screens are usually very tall. The effect of them in a high room is particularly fine. They seem to lower the ceiling and at the same time "furnish" the walls in a wonderful way.

They are often extremely amusing to make. One young married couple I know, who spent their honeymoon motoring through Europe, brought back from their trip a vast collection of railway passes, casino tickets, hotel bills, theatre programmes, etc., etc., which they proceeded to make into a screen, interspersed of course with a good number of snapshots taken on their tour. The whole effect may not be excessively artistic, but it provides an amusing and most complete memento; and was also quite in place in a dressing-room.

We should think ourselves lucky in having such a useful and versatile piece of furniture as the screen at our disposal!

THE WORLD OF WOMEN SECTION—cont.

HAVE A GOOD TIME ON THE RIVIERA

—it needn't cost as much as you think.

by phyllis satterthwaite

I have been asked (most especially at this time of year) so very, very often to give advice as to the Riviera; where to go and what to do when you get there, that it seems to me that many people whose thoughts, when winter-time comes, turn longingly to the south and the sunshine, are continually being put off by wrong ideas. "Well, of course, the Riviera," they say, "may be all very well for millionaires and people who don't care *what* they spend, but the average holiday-maker had better keep away."

RIVIERA COURTS ARE SUPERB: *Those of La Festa Tennis Club are unsurpassed anywhere*

A NOTABLE RIVIERA SPORT: *Aquaplaning is usually indulged in by a" but the experts—from necessity!—in bathing costume*

Now this is far from being the truth. Knowing the ropes down South is very much more than half the battle. I made my first visit there in 1919, and spent more in the six weeks I stayed than I have in any of the following winters when I was there for two or three months.

To begin with, disabuse your mind of the idea that you cannot be happy unless you stay at one of the biggest hotels. There are plenty of excellent hotels all along the coast where you can be extremely well looked after for about half as much as you will be expected to pay in the marble halls of the great caravanserai.

Of course every holiday-maker has his or her own special ideas, but most people I think want to take a certain amount of exercise, whether it be in walking expeditions (of which there is an enormous choice to be had), on the golf course, or on the lawn-tennis courts. It is by no means necessary to have a motor-car. The motor-bus services are excellent, and if, for instance, you have decided to make Cannes your headquarters, you can go off to Peira Cava for the day and see the winter sports in full swing, or you can make the trip to the Gorge du Loup, and lunch off freshly-caught trout on the terrace of the little restaurant up there. Another delightful day can be spent in Grasse seeing the famous scent factories, and afterwards picnicking on the hills above the town, where you can enjoy *the* most amazing panoramic view over Cannes and the seacoast around.

Of course if you want to make Nice your headquarters you will be practically in the centre of the Côte d'Azur, and can make a day trip by motor-bus into Italy (Bordighera or San Remo) with the greatest ease in the world. While another entertaining and extremely cheap way of spending a perfect day is to take a packet of sandwiches, and the little funicular railway from Monte Carlo up to La Turbie and spend a few hours "on the top of the world."

Of course I am assuming that some members of the party will want to play golf and lawn tennis, watch polo meetings, go to the races, attend gala dinners, and all the other items of the round of gaieties for which the Riviera is so justly famous!

In this case take a little time to consider where you propose to make your headquarters. Cannes is perhaps the biggest lawn-tennis centre, for it has over two hundred courts and half a dozen very large clubs. At each of these you can take out a day ticket if you want to have a game, although it really pays to become a member for a week. If you intend to play in any of the big tournaments you have only to send your name and requirements in the way of partners, etc. to that most genial of referees, Mr. George Simmond, and you will be well looked after.

Do not put all your eggs into one basket by joining any one club for the whole season; but move about as much as possible. At Nice there is a wonderful club at the Parc Imperial (also at Monte Carlo and Mentone) with plenty of English members and very fine courts indeed.

In the matter of golf, once more you can pay a daily green fee at any of the clubs, except at the two Cannes clubs, Mandelieu and Mongins. Sospel has an adorable course, high up in the hills, with a charming hotel close by; and you can put yourself and your golf clubs on a motor-bus, and go up to spend a most health-giving week-end there with very little trouble quite reasonably. Cagnes-sur-Mer is another charming course to play on, and very easy of access from Cannes, Monte Carlo, and Nice; particularly the latter.

Of racing there is plenty, on the famous Var Course, at Nice, and out at Mandelieu (Cannes). Here, again, the faithful motor-bus proves helpful, and you will find that you can have an extremely amusing afternoon's racing with the excitement of backing a horse in every race with quite a moderate supply of francs behind you.

Polo, which is excellent, can be seen all through the season. While, of course, for those who want to have a real orgy of shopping, Nice will prove an irresistible lure.

ONLY TWO GOLF CLUBS DO NOT ADMIT OF DAILY GREEN FEES: *Those are both at Cannes, the Mandelieu and Mongins. Many of the courses are delightful. This picture shows the links of the Valescure Club, San Rafael*

I have purposely left the question of gambling, which usually comes at the end of the day's programme, to the last. Impossible to do justice to my subject! But I should like to say, first of all, just two words: "Be careful." Though there is nothing (to my mind) more alluring than a gamble, it is perilously and amazingly easy to lose the whole of your holiday funds, and have to return (as did one poor family I know of) only three days after they had left England for a two months' trip. "Chemmy," of course you can play all along the Riviera—you get baccarat as well at Cannes, where the "big" table draws crowds of enthralled spectators; but at Monte Carlo you can play both these, plus roulette and trente-et-quarante, which all statisticians will tell you offers the best odds to the punter.

If you are wise you will limit yourself to a certain sum of money each week for gambling, and when that is gone, stop absolutely till the next week. There is plenty of life to be seen at the casinos besides the actual gambling. There is plenty of opera and quite a number of concerts.

One last word, and that is, map out your day's programme carefully. So many people, especially on a first visit, make the mistake of going to the various places of interest at the wrong time of day.

For instance, if you want to see the famous Promenade des Anglais at Nice or the Croisette at Cannes at its best, walk down them between eleven and twelve in the morning.

Twelve o'clock is the hour of the *apéritif*, when all the famous bars are at their best.

BOOKS YOU MAY NOT READ

—they are really boxes for stationery, cards, or cigarettes!

It would perhaps be unfair to suggest that this is not a book-loving age, for in recent times there has been great achievements in honour of the printed word. Since the War books have been published with liberality, printed with distinction, read with enthusiasm, and preserved with reverential love.

Nevertheless, the conditions of modern life have made the ranks of book-lovers less populous than they might have been. The strenuous occupations that take up most of our time leave us too weary, or too overstrung for the reflective enjoyment of leisure. Our days pass in a round of business and social activity, and then the last precious hour that might have been devoted to literature is likely to be spent in listening, half asleep, to the "Weather and News" from "2LO."

CAMOUFLAGE: *A set of eight classic "books" containing spirit decanters and glasses*

Books, therefore, instead of being a key to the enchanted gardens of the mind, show a tendency to be regarded more as furniture or *objets d'art*, and as we have no time, and perhaps little inclination to turn the printed pages, library walls are sometimes lined with dummy books—wooden blocks with painted and grained edges, and concealed in handsome covers of tooled leather.

It is a favourite idea for rows of dummy books to conceal built-in cupboards of which in reality the "books" are part of the door. In this way built-in cabinets containing spirits and cigars are disguised with an effect of studious austerity.

Moreover, there are some really amusing book-boxes. They are made to contain stationery, playing-cards, cigars, cigarettes, and a book-box, which is said to be greatly favoured by Americans, conceals a small "secret bar." The boxes vary considerably in size and character from quite small single volumes to hold six or eight cigarettes to the big groups illustrated, and their titles bear an appropriately whimsical reference to the contents of the boxes. The box which accommodates a bridge set has *Great Expectations*, *Hard Cash*, *Chance*, and *Pippa Passes* among its dummy books, while on the outside of a stationery set we see *Homer's Iliad*, *The Tatler*, *Swift's Letters*, and among the books that house cigars are *My Lady Nicotine* and *Our Mutual Friend*.

Another attractive idea is a book-box lined with silver foil to contain chocolates. This, like the cases for ladies' cigarettes or cards, is coloured in a light and pleasant tint such as lemon-yellow, or mauve, but the bigger boxes for stationery and for everyday use show the ordinary dark-brown tone of leather decorated with gold.

BASEDEN BUTT.

A ROYAL MARRIAGE ITALY and BELGIUM

On January 8 Prince Umberto and Princess Marie-José were Married in Rome

THE ROYAL BRIDE: *Princess Marie-José of Belgium, whose marriage to the Prince of Piedmont, the Crown Prince of Italy, has just been celebrated in the Cappella Paolina of the Quirinal at Rome*

THE ROYAL BRIDEGROOM: *Prince Umberto the third child but the eldest son of the House of Savoy, whose alliance with Princess Marie-José of Belgium, the third child of her House, was celebrated on Jan. 8*

IN THE COSTUME OF HIS FORBEARS: *Umberto, Prince of Piedmont, heir to the throne of Italy, who proved himself a* preux chevalier, sans peur et sans reproche *when he smiled gaily after an attempt at assassination, with his sister, the Princess Yolanda, in a pageant in Turin. In circle: The House of Belgium: King Albert and his consort, Queen Elisabeth, with their three children—Leopold, Charles, and Marie-Louise—in the days before the War. The bride of this week is looking inquiringly at the Court photographer*

ROYAL LOVERS: *The Crown Prince of Italy with his bride, the Princess of Belgium. The day before the betrothal was announced a dastardly attempt was made by an Italian fanatic to assassinate the Prince, who showed the most superb self-possession to the admiration of the world*

The SPHERE of TRAVEL

A weekly feature devoted to the interests of travel at home and abroad

EDITED BY CRAWFURD PRICE

WANDERINGS on the CÔTE D'AZUR

The Sunshine and Beauty of Some Lesser Known Resorts

By CLIVE HOLLAND

Who can blame the modern "sun-worshippers" who yearly flee the rigours and depression of the average English winter to that southern land of sunshine and palms known as the Côte d'Azur? Rather do we not envy them, and pity those condemned to stay at home, and would we not take these with us by the "Blue Train," and, failing this, upon the "Magic Carpet" of the printed and pictured page.

But we are not just now thinking of the Promenade des Anglais at Nice, the exquisite Casino Gardens at Monte Carlo, or the vast congregations of fashionable fellow creatures. But rather of that Côte d'Azur, east of Marseilles, where a sapphire sea laps against rust-red rocks or ripples over ivory-tinted sands, and the soft breezes from the Mediterranean stir to life fronded palms, gloriously golden mimosa bushes, lace-like Mediterranean heath, and where flowers bloom in the gardens all the year round.

Everyone knows the Riviera, for that term has somewhat strangely come to mean with most people chiefly that portion of it—a comparatively small one—comprised of half a score of large and not so large towns. Nice, Mentone, Monte Carlo, Cannes, and Hyères among the number, wonderfully gay, fashionable, and beautiful; but comparatively few know many of the beauty spots which, even in this age of search and advertisement, still to some extent succeed in hiding their charms from the eyes of visitors to the coast which they adorn.

Let us look at a few of these.

There is St. Tropez, lying on the bay to which it has given its name under the shelter of pine and olive-clad hills, with its picturesque little harbour, white-painted fishing craft, and in summer time a sprinkling of yachts. A town that in ancient times repulsed many an attack of Saracens and Barbary corsairs, which accounts for the citadel overlooking the bay, and the quaint carnival held every May to celebrate the successful repulse of a Spanish fleet in the long ago.

Then there is that delightful spot Agay, standing almost in a forest at the mouth of a little river. There the pines come down to the seashore, and one has some of the most delightful scenery of this portion of the coast. How charming it all is! Quietude; and in the little harbour of Agay, a refuge in days of tempest, come and go silently, save for the songs and calls of the fishermen aboard them, the strange, gaily-painted fishing-boats which have taken their shape from Roman galleys of old and have pointed lateen sails.

Near Agay is one of the most delightful pine woods imaginable. It is reached along a path which passes through fields bespangled with wild flowers, and sometimes across patches of heath where one finds wild lavender and white azaleas — then comes a sight of the sea. Here, along this coast, are many sea-washed caves which make ideal natural bathing *cabines*, and tiny beaches of golden sand where one may sun-bathe in sheer content. And through the pine woods that come down to the shore catch a glimpse of some green islet, like that near Agay, with its tower, rising out of a sapphire sea.

Near by are almost equally delightful Théoule, La Napoule, and Miramar, small villages on the Mediterranean shore; and Le Travas, with the forest of the Esterel flanking it on either side, green and restful, almost midway between St. Raphael and Cannes.

If one has a couple of months at one's disposal, what a temptation there is to wander; aimlessly perhaps, but how charmingly. One can do it so easily, too, for the railway skirts the coast, with its numberless beauty spots, very closely after Fréjus, so that one can move on, say twenty miles or less, from one small place to another, where one is but a short distance from the sea when one leaves the wayside station. One can leave one's luggage and walk down and explore the chosen place, and then perchance move on to another where the sunshine plays hide-and-seek amid the pines by the sea, casts a silver sheen over the olive groves at dawn and sunset. And one can muse or dream or bathe as the mood falls.

There is much to be said in favour of contrasting the Italian with the French Riviera. There is a distinct change of people, customs, and environment, not to say architecture, almost as soon as the frontier line is crossed a few miles east of Mentone. There is a marked difference in the vegetation—a greater luxuriance—and the hillsides have groves of lemon trees as well as olive gardens, and flowers spring bright-eyed from every crevice, and gardens are ablaze with gorgeous colours.

The Italian Riviera is divided into two sections, but one can scarcely explore both in a single winter, not to say in two or three months. Let us confine ourselves, therefore, to the western half, known as the Riviera di Ponente.

One is at once charmed by Ospedaletti, with with its fine promenades and gardens and beautiful thoroughfares—of these memories of the Via Vittorio Emanuele and Corso Regina Margherita will linger. But eastward there are jewels of loveliness to be explored, tiny places as yet unspoiled by tourist traffic, where living is wonderfully good and cheap, and the allure of sunshine, palms, orange and lemon groves, and picturesque peasantry and sunlit sea call one.

Such a place is charming Diano Marina—the very name is captivating—lying almost mid-way between San Remo and Alassio. It is modern and the sea-bathing excellent, while in the neighbourhood are many delightful excursions and walks.

Alassio is beautiful. But there is more to intrigue one in pretty Porto Fino, where the white houses, clinging to the base of the tree-clad hillside, glass themselves in the still waters of the long and picture-like harbour bordered by its tree-shadowed quay. Here one sees those wonderful reflections that artists love, that give distinction to even ordinary surroundings. Here one could stay—nay, it seems, must stay—for more time than there is to spare, drinking in the sunshine, bathing, and exploring those fascinating gorges inland amid the hills where, surrounded by vines and orange groves, nestle villages so tiny and so colourful that they might be fairyland.

Below — THE ESTEREL: A scene at Agay showing the red porphyry, characteristic of this volcanic region

A NOBLE TREE: The famous Bertraud pine at St. Tropez, a delightful Riviera resort

On right—A RIVIERA GLORY: A panorama at Alassio, above which is a terrace whence one obtains a magnificent view

A VETERAN FOE OF THE BARBARY CORSAIRS: St. Tropez, whose citadel is a relic of its many conflicts. It has a carnival in May to commemorate the defeat of a Spanish fleet

How to Reach the Riviera.—*The chief train is the famous "Blue Train" (Calais–Mediterranean Express), leaving Victoria Station (London) at 11.20 a.m. daily. The other through train is the "Rapide," leaving Victoria in the winter months at 2 p.m. daily, viâ Folkestone and Boulogne. The first train is composed exclusively of 1st class sleeping-cars and restaurant-cars: the second of 1st and 2nd class cars. The journey takes less than twenty-four hours. The fares (with supplements for the "Blue Train") to Hyères, where our wanderings commence, are: return 1st, £11 18s. 8d., 2nd £8 12s. 6d.*

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The WOMAN'S SPHERE

The January Sales.

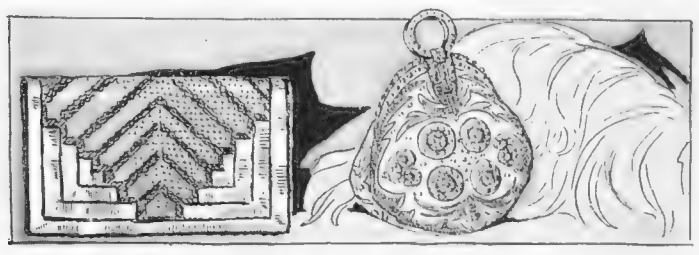
By MARJORIE

Really the bargains that are obtainable in the winter sales are greater than ever; all the Parisian and other models have had their prices reduced by half, and those which are slightly shop-soiled even more. At Gorringe's (in the Buckingham Palace Road) sale there are reindeer fur-felt hats for 14s. 11d.; a few days ago they were 21s. 9d. and 25s. 9d. Furthermore, there is a large collection of black velvet and felt hats for 18s. 11d. There are a few evening frocks of soft tinsel brocade for 4½ guineas; the long, divided, petal skirts at back form graceful trains; then there are serviceable tweed frocks, with skirts pleated at the sides, for 42s. Warm dressing-gowns in good quality wool ripple are 14s. 9d., and this is likewise the cost of spun silk nightdresses. Neither must it be overlooked that there are 1,000 pairs of all-silk stockings of C.I.D. French make for 8s. 11d. per pair.

RIVALS FOR FASHION'S FAVOUR.—Pyjamas and nightdresses are indeed rivals for Fashion's favour. Among the model nightdresses that have come hot-foot from Paris to Harvey Nichols's is one expressed in georgette. The corsage portion is of the medieval character cut in a deep "V," while the skirt is flared and drops at the sides. There are others of pure silk façonne crêpe de chine. These are reinforced with a sleeveless coatee decorated with tiny frills of lace. Pictured on this page are some interesting pyjamas. The trousers and sleeveless coatee are of pale pink satin, the blouse being of blue georgette, its charm being increased with kilted frills; and the boudoir caps, well, they really are charming. The one pictured with large taffeta bow on one side is novel. And as a sale is in progress the prices of everything have been submitted to drastic reductions; even a casual glance through the profusely illustrated catalogue will convince all and sundry of this fact; it will be sent gratis and post free on application; naturally the name of this paper must be mentioned.

Felt makes the hat above; it comes from the Inexpensive Department at Harvey Nichols's. It is decorated with the same fabric as that which makes the scarf

AN ANNUAL STOCK-TAKING SALE.—It is a genuine pleasure to visit Liberty's (Regent Street, W.) sale, as the usual attractions are multiplied many times over. There are 1,100 Persian rugs, approximate sizes 6 ft. 6 in. by 4 ft., original prices 84s., 110s., and 130s., reduced to 63s. Akbar curtain fabric, 50 in. wide, is now 4s. 11d. instead of 8s. 11d. Brocades in silk and cotton, 50 in. wide, are 9s. 11d. instead of 29s. 6d. Dress lengths of floral voiles, lawns, and crapes are 5s. each. A large variety of stitched velvet and silk hats will be cleared at 10s. each.



A study in beige and brown is the embroidered pochette on the left; for the evening bag a toll has been levied on pearls, silver beads, and crystals. At Harvey Nichols's, Knightsbridge, S.W.

A SALE OF FOOTWEAR.—A fact upon which too much emphasis cannot be laid is that footwear improves by keeping, therefore true economy may be practised by acquiring shoes at Manfield's (170, Regent Street, W.) sale; it is in progress, and continues throughout January. They have collected from their various branches the surplus stock of hand-sewn footwear, the price per pair being 30s. instead of 59s. 9d. Lizard skin shoes are 20s. instead of 25s.; while gold and silver brocade shoes are 12s. instead of 15s. Then there are patent and coloured kid shoes for 10s., 12s., and 15s.

Kilted frills give an indelible cachet to many of the new pyjamas. The model pictured comes from Harvey Nichols; the trousers and coat are of pale blue satin, the blouse being of pink georgette. An important feature of the lace boudoir cap is the large taffeta rose at the side

STRIKING REDUCTIONS IN IRISH LINENS.—Striking reductions have been made in the prices of the Irish linens at Robinson and Cleaver's (Regent Street, W.) sale. For instance, there are linen sheets, Zulu quality, woven during the slack time to keep the workers busy; single-bed size they are 18s. 6d. per pair.

GENUINE REDUCTIONS.—All who wish to become the possessors of some of the gilt-edge investments at Waring's winter sale must visit their establishment in Oxford Street, W., at the earliest opportunity, as the sale terminates on the 18th instant. There are oak chests with five drawers for £5 5s., and oak toilet mirrors are £1 12s. 6d.

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BEHIND *the* SCREEN.

The Latest News of the Production Side of the Film Industry

By "FLIC"

BE BRITISH.—It is a strange thing to contemplate—and something of a tragedy too—that there has as yet been produced no epic of Empire, or even of country. Scotland can point to the production of *Rob Roy*, albeit inadequate; America to her various War films, all of which were instinct with the type of patriotism peculiar to herself and, pre-eminently to *The Birth of a Nation*, which not only heralded the advent of super movies but also told the story of the Civil War and was animated with a great ideal. France has had films of Napoleon galore, but the only serious historical British picture was *The Divine Lady*—the story of Nelson—produced by an American company. *Livingstone*, the Wetherell production, was too dull to be seriously considered.

It is authoritatively stated that many short films dealing with the colonies have been made and collected but have not been shown owing to trade jealousy. It is stated with equal authority that an American came to England with the script of a real British epic in his pocket, but could arouse therewith no interest. And from the same source comes the revelation that in a British talkie two words of dialogue were cut, and these words were *Be British*.

It is about time that the industry in this country awoke to the fact that there is a definite demand on the part of the public, voiced in club as in pub, in car as in carriage, at luxurious supper-tables as at high tea, for English films for the English, and Empire films for the Empire.

With vision, imagination, and courage a gold mine lies ready for exploitation.

TALKIES TRIUMPHANT.—The latest house to be wired for sound film presentation is the new Dominion Theatre. Although it is stated by Mr. R. H. Gillespie, who, in association with Sir Alfred Butt, opened the theatre last autumn, that this does not herald any immediate change of policy, it is, nevertheless, a very strong indication that those in a position to know believe the talkies have not only come to stay, but also will increase in popularity as they develop in efficiency.

The Hippodrome is yet another theatre which will be wired for sound films.

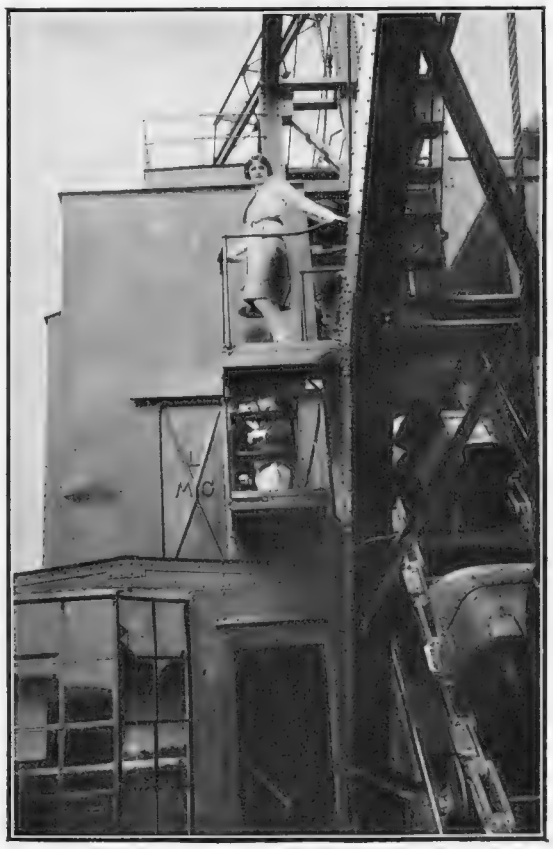
The Moss Empires chain are all being equipped with talkie apparatus—twenty-two provincial houses, and three notable suburban theatres.

Mr. Gillespie has said that he believes every theatre of medium size will ultimately be wired for sound films.

In view of the serious financial position of the two municipal theatres, the Town Council of Graz, the capital of Styria has decided upon cinema performances to be given at the Schauspielhaus during the coming season. This theatre is now being equipped for the purpose. At the second playhouse—the Stadttheatre—there will be performed operas, classical comedies, and dramas, and in connection therewith all the members of the theatre company were required to enter into an agreement that covers the three branches of the art.

The number of Viennese suburban cinemas equipped for sound-film apparatus is steadily increasing. Two large sound-film cinemas have been established along these lines during the past week in the ninth district of Vienna. These are the Votivpark Kino and the Mozart Kino.

SEARCHING VOICE TESTS.—Since directors have found that many talkie players cannot give their lines clearly under certain handicaps, such as eating or smoking, the casting department are devising new kinds of "screen tests."



IN A NOTABLE GERMAN PRODUCTION: One of the thrilling scenes from the new Duisberg film, "Blasting Dredger 1010," by the actor-producer, Dr. Karl Ludwig Duisberg-Achaz, starring Viola Garden and Heinrich George

A girl who can play a love scene while eating a banana has to do just that in her test, and speak clearly although her mouth is full of fruit.

First National Vitaphone studios was first to establish these unique handicaps for gaining talkie rôles when several players had to carry on a conversation while doing the Australian crawl in the Pacific. This was for rôles in *Murder Will Out*, a satire on murder mysteries which Clarence Badger directed. Many of the applicants failed according to the casting office because they "gurgled" their words so badly, the microphone could not capture them.

Fifteen girls were tested in the same manner who had to chew gum and talk clearly into the "mike" in order to gain rôles in *Show Girl in Hollywood*. In *Playing Around*, Alice White had to speak with water running over her face in a shower-bath. In the same film several players did not get their parts until they proved they could talk the slang of an underworld café while eating spaghetti.

Strictly Modern, Dorothy Mackaill's last picture, called for a bunch of kids who could talk while making funny faces at each other. The director found the two didn't go well together so he cut the scene!

WOMEN TRIUMPHANT.—It seems to be woman's day in the movie studios. Since 1927 the number of women employed in capacities other than acting in motion pictures has tripled. A canvas at First National, a representative sound-film plant and the largest at which both sound and colour are used, disclosed 370 women on the pay-roll in October as against less than 200 in May, 1928.

Dancers and singers are now rated as acting talent, so the numbers of chorus-girls who have trooped into pictures are now counted. They necessitated more hair-dressers and wardrobe-ladies. At First National this new element employs four times as many women as in the past.

Women film-cutters have gradually replaced men. In secretarial capacities, and in such tasks as book-keeping and filing, studios used to be famous for employing men rather than women; now girls are taking the place even of office boys. All "script" clerks are now women. Women are scenario secretaries; there are many women scenario writers and editors or readers.

Research departments have become important in the studios. These are "manned" exclusively by women.

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Head-on! A serious collision between two motor-buses which recently occurred at Mexborough, Yorks. Fifteen people were injured. The possibilities of an outbreak of fire in such an accident as this are discussed at length in the accompanying article

The Petrol World

by A. Percy Bradley

DANGER UNDER THE DASH.—During the last month I do not suppose there has been a greater proportion of fatal accidents to cars due to fire than at any other previous period, but undoubtedly there have been of late several very distressing examples of this type of fatality. It is therefore fitting that motor-car designers should give the subject some thought, and decide whether modern design is more dangerous from this aspect than it should be.

The first point that immediately arises is the position of the petrol tank. Practically every medium-sized and large car to-day has the petrol tank at the rear, but it is almost the universal practice to place it under the dash on cars in the "baby" class. With a saloon, or even an open body, I cannot help but think that this position entails a far greater risk than when the tank is placed at the back of the car. Expense, of course, is the chief reason why the dash position is favoured on the small fry, and it certainly also assists in obtaining a simple design.

These sad fatalities usually result from the saturation with petrol of the occupants' clothes inside the car, When that takes place and the spirit is ignited then the unfortunate individuals have a very poor chance. With the tank at the back this risk of what I might call immersion is very remote, but I think that even when the tank is in the dash the danger could be minimised considerably by fitting a petrol container of really solid construction. Some of the present tanks are not much stronger than the ordinary sardine tin, and the moment they are struck a blow they burst, distributing their contents all over the place.

MANUFACTURERS, PLEASE NOTE.—Then again, the present tendency in design is to substitute coil-and-battery ignition in place of a magneto. Once an engine stops rotating the magneto is to all intents and purposes a completely dead article, but with a battery-and-coil system a lurking danger is always present. Perhaps this risk is not very important, because even with a magneto the battery and all its attendant wires, switchboards, and cut-outs are always present, so that sparking in case of accident can always take place.

I hope, however, what I have said will tend to show manufacturers that the subject is worthy of consideration, for it would indeed be a pity if the very comfortable saloon car should lose some of its popularity on account of these unfortunate accidents. My own opinion is that the saloon car is no more dangerous in case of fire than an open one, provided the general design of the chassis is right from this aspect from the very start.

DO'S AND DON'T'S.—Whilst on this rather distressing subject of accidents I would like to remind motorists that a very large proportion are caused from lack of thought or consideration for others using the road. I have just received from the Secretary of the Order of the Road some excellent every-day hints, and I do not think I can do better than give them with the hope that every reader of THE SPHERE will digest them and act on them whenever driving a car. They are not difficult to remember, at least not by anyone who desires to be a good, skilful, and considerate driver. Here they are:

Give clear signals in the approved manner, but remember that the responsibility lies with you neither to give such signals nor to deviate from your course unless there is ample time for other road users to observe and act upon those signals.

Never overtake another vehicle unless you can do so without causing inconvenience or danger to another road user.

Never stop your vehicle in a position where its presence constitutes a danger to other traffic.

Give ample space for other traffic to pass, and keep to the left-hand side of the road under all conditions that might lead to danger.

Drive with ceaseless caution at all road crossings.

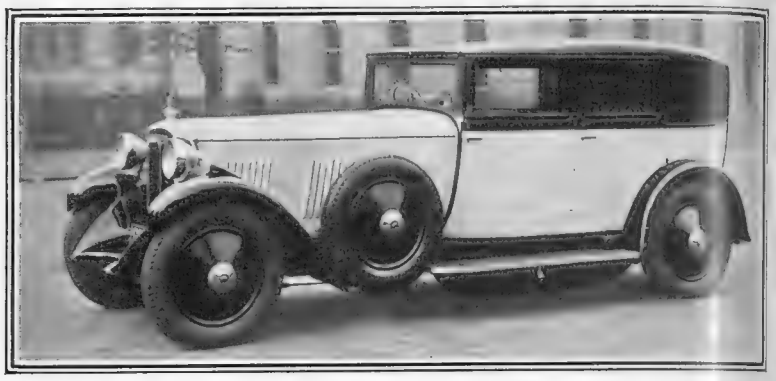
Cultivate a spirit of toleration. Nothing is more annoying than being hustled and bullied by a car passing on the nearside of a stationary tramway car when boarding and alighting.

Don't drive on your brakes. Use your head, and slow down gradually wherever possible.

If you are in a hurry, remember, "More haste less speed."

Use your powers of observation and you may cheat the dangers that lie in your path.

Lastly, remember that a novice can make his car go, steer it, and make it stop. This is not driving.



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7 6	×	7 6	4 17 0	3 12 0	13 6	×	9 0	10 9 3	7 15 3
9 0	×	6 0	4 13 0	3 9 0	13 6	×	10 6	12 4 3	9 1 3
9 0	×	7 6	5 16 3	4 6 3	13 6	×	12 0	13 19 0	10 7 0
9 0	×	9 0	6 19 6	5 3 6	13 6	×	13 6	15 19 0	11 13 0
10 6	×	6 0	5 8 6	4 0 6	15 0	×	9 0	11 12 6	8 12 6
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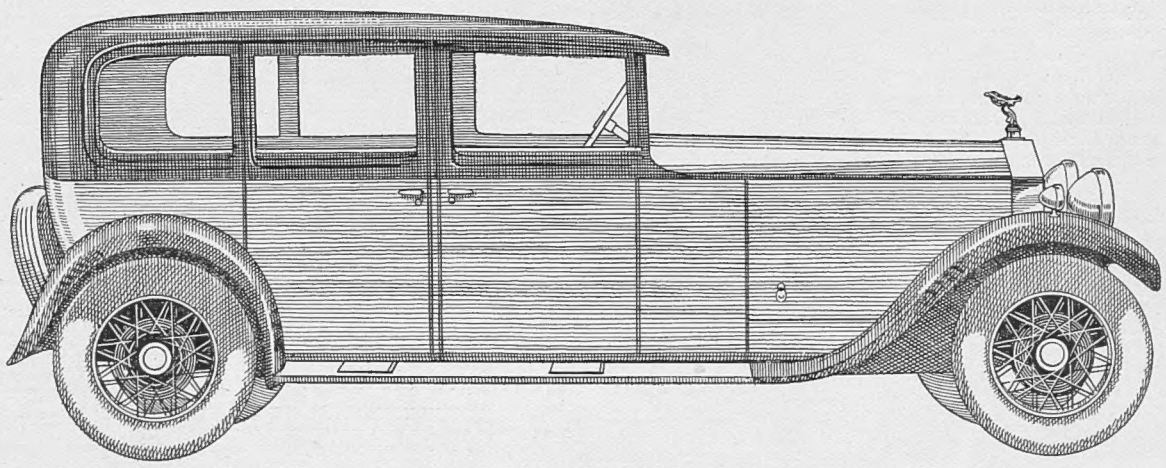

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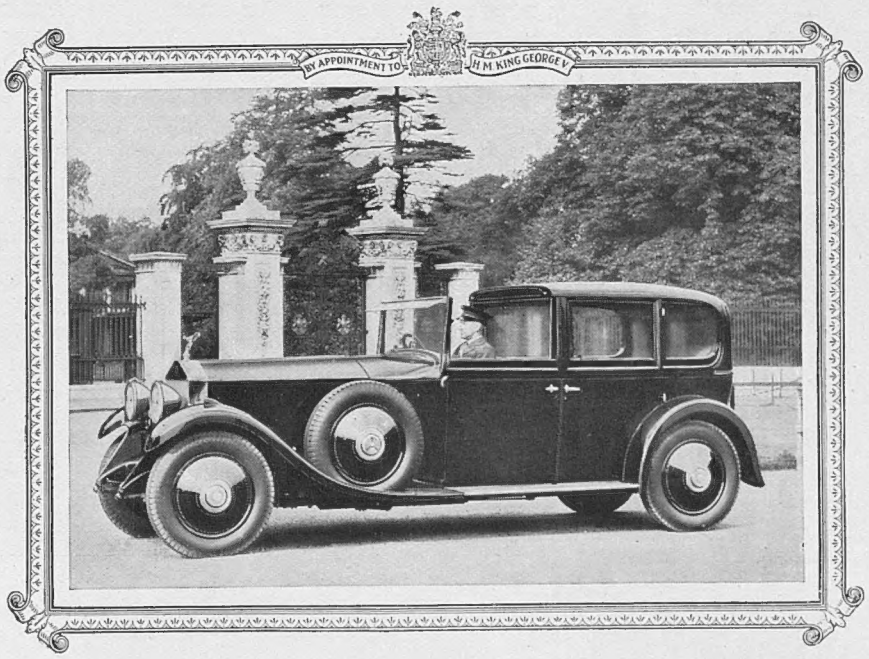

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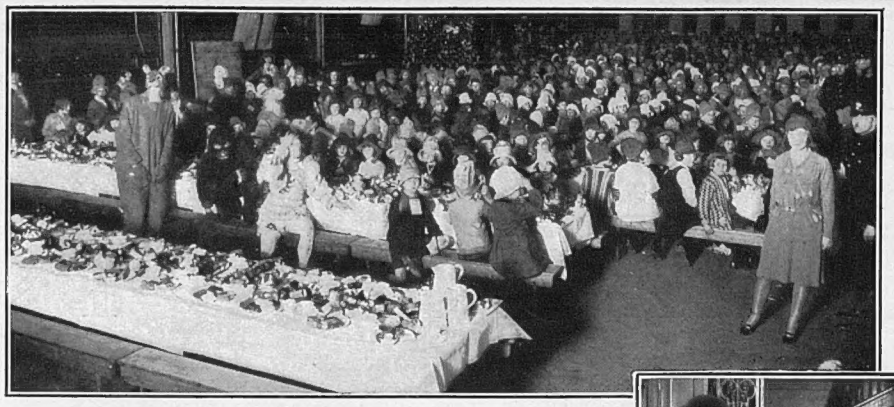
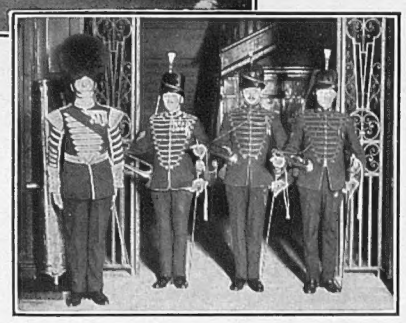


A JOYOUS OCCASION: A moment during the Christmas party held by the Honourable Artillery Company for the poor children who attend schools in the neighbourhood of Finsbury. Some 600 invitations were issued and some 750 children turned up—but none was sent away. *Inset on right* are seen trumpeters of the batteries and the drum major, who sounded a fanfare when the children arrived



THE H.A.C TEA-PARTY

That occasion of joy to hundreds of poor children in the Finsbury district, the annual party given by the Honourable Artillery Company, was held with its usual *éclat* during the holidays. Tea was followed by an entertainment. The children were marshalled into four groups, under members representing portions of the Empire—a stimulus to their sense of patriotism—and they sang carols. The jolly afternoon concluded with gifts of presents to every child.

ALEXANDRA ORPHANAGE

Although the Alexandra Orphanage, Haverstock Hill, dates back 171 years, it is a modern institution, well equipped in every way, and has care of 370 boys and girls to whom it gives a good start in life. Contributions towards the £10,000 required annually are earnestly solicited.

ART FOR MANCHESTER

The City Art Gallery, Manchester, have just purchased for their permanent collection a painting by S. J. Peploe, "The Aloe Tree." Mr. Peploe is a well-known Scottish artist whose work is famous abroad as well as in this country, and his paintings were recently on view at the galleries of Alex. Reid and Lefevre, Ltd., 1a, King Street, St. James's, S.W., where the above-mentioned purchase was made.

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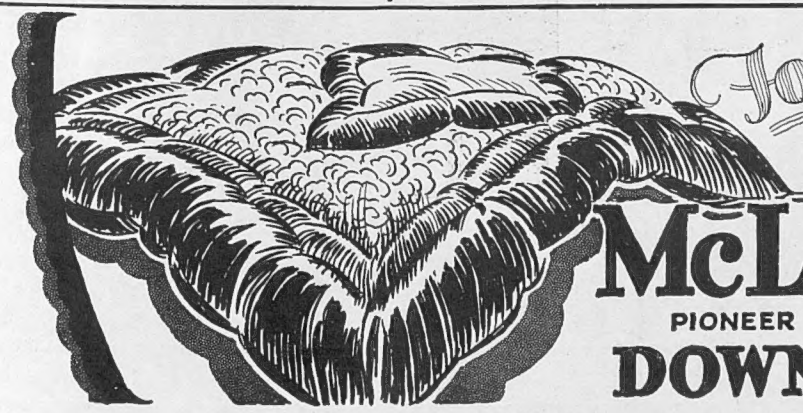

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